"GOLDEN-EYES" AND HER HERO "BILL" OVER THERE

BY NELL BRINKLEY

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Number EIGHT

SCHWARTZENBURG'S senses swam slowly to the surface and he struggled to his feet to find: an open tunic like a wound in his heart—a despairing, triumphant girl, with the coquette gone out of her eyes and through golden lights, gone cold, nothing but a loathing "Yankee" looking out, facing him, and the collie dog he had tolerated for no reason save the desire for the favor of Golden Eyes—that collie dog vanished quite! In his open breast he thrust a violent, fearful hand; and found no papers there!

His reports! his orders; his superior's communiques! the strength of his division; movements of troops and guns! Fury and fear fought together in the Hun's breast—the poor counterfeit love he had felt for Golden Eyes's dear beauty was swallowed in the rage of defeat; and before his eyes she glimmered—the *enemy woman!* A despised *American*—the "female" of the hated and dreaded Yank army, who "honored their women and did not understand that they were servants and slaves and dolls!" And she had outwitted him! The loss of his papers was a ruined career and suicide. His life was nothing worth.

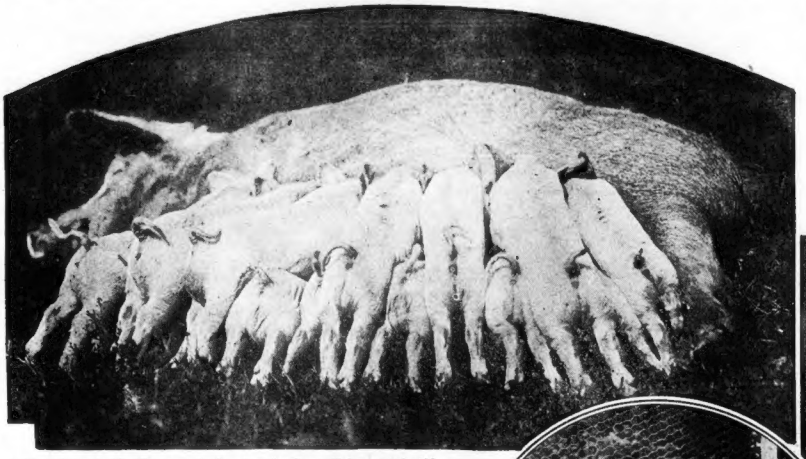
He dragged Golden-Eyes to the top of the trench. He would shoot her before the eyes of the American sentries of their lines three hundred yards away! Erect above the mud and turf the slim figure stood—a tiny silk flag of her own country clutched close to her heart—her game up!—but her lips smiling! She had fought hard for love and life—but honor remained—hers and her army's. So she smiled!

As the Hun raised his automatic, two mud-bespattered, glitter-eyed beings, Uncle Sam and Bill, fell upon him, a snarling dog and a roaring man, a man crying, "My bare hands for you!" Shots and cries—panic—and "Kamarad!"

And Bill and his doughboys had taken that trench.

Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden's Patriotic Pig Farm

How Mr. Hoover's Appeal Has Been Accepted by Fashionable Society and How Millionaires Piggeries Are Supplying Their Less Fortunate Neighbors with a Pig for Their Back Yard



A Most Remarkable Photograph Showing the Great Value of Scientific Pig Breeding in the Matter of Quantity as Well as Quality.

A Combination Photograph of Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden and Epochal, Showing How This Patriotic American Woman Compares in Size With This $100,000 Prize Animal.

A Corner of Mrs. Burden's Piggery on Her Estate at Westbury, Long Island.

H. W. Gossard and Some of Epochal's Sons and Daughters.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Smith, Quartermaster Corps, with One of the Piglets Raised at the Camp Mills Piggeries.

WHEN Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden began to build pig palaces on her beautiful estate at Westbury, L. I. those who came to scoff never thought that not only would other lovely members of New York's fashionable society follow her example, but that Mr. Hoover, the food conservator, would make her work the subject of special report and commendation, and that the War Office would look upon her as a benefactor and a source of profit and welfare for our military camps here.

Yet all this has happened. Not only that, but in the months of her unusual endeavor, Mrs. Burden, who was Cynthia Burke Roche, only daughter of Mrs. Frances Burke Roche, has qualified as an expert, and has been of enormous assistance in the "Boy Club Raise a Pig" movement started by H. W. Gossard, the Illinois multi-millionaire breeder of prize winning champion stock.

"How did you, of all people, go in for such dirty pets?" the scoffers asked.

"Because I wanted to do something real to help win the war, and I felt like screaming every time I looked a ball of wool in the face. And they are not dirty,either."

"Not dirty? How do you keep them clean? Have the butler tub them every day?"

"Now, don't be absurd," the lady responds. "Pigs are the cleanest animals in the world, if you keep them in decent surroundings. If there is no dirt for the pig to wallow in, why—why—well, he just won't wallow; that's all!"

It is just a year since Mrs. Burden started her "Keep a Pig" campaign on Long Island, and by actual count thousands of little porklets are growing where but one grew before. Naturally enough, the lady's interest in pigs gave rise to all sorts of wild tales during the season just ended. There was plenty of truth in the report that the Burden pigs lived in palaces. There is nothing finer in all the pig world than the hog palaces, built with glass walls and marble floors, where Penelope and Prometheus, Cleopatra and Caesar, et al., are raising their families to the glory of America and in the fear of one Mr. Herbert Hoover.

When the food shortage began to be very menacing last Summer, Mrs. Burden, who was a good deal of a lady farmer on a most beautiful estate in Westbury, began preaching the production of pigs.

Mrs. Burden's two brothers, the well-known Burke-Roche twins, had joined the service, Maurice going in for the army and Francis for the navy. Naturally, being a most affectionate sister as well as an ardent patriot, Mrs. Burden wanted to do her bit toward providing food for the service.

Mrs. Burden having inherited a fondness for animals from her mother, whose ability to raise horses and dogs led to lots of trouble, decided that pigs should become her great war contribution. She conferred with Calvin J. Hudson, the Pig Commissioner for the State of New York, and learned all about pork possibilities. At this time she heard about H. W. Gossard's remarkable pig campaign in Illinois, and made a careful study of his methods, and particularly of his Boy Clubs.

Mr. Gossard's piggery is well known to all pig fanciers, as well as to the food officials at Washington. It was his interest in pigs as pork that led him to found the ... for boys, "the National Pig Partner... Boys," and its object is to induce ... boy in the United States to raise at ... one pig. In detail, the boy partners in the city buy the pigs, and arrange with the country boy partners to bring them up. When sold the city partner gets back his original investment plus one-third of the profits, and the country partner receives two-thirds.

Mr. Gossard knows all about pigs. He owns Epochal, a Berkshire weighing one thousand pounds, whose sons have sold for ten thousand dollars apiece! Epochal is so famous that he has been shown in moving pictures all over the country, and naturally the man who owns him is a firm believer in Berkshires, and holds in this breed against all comers. Mr. Gossard has ranches in Indiana, Kansas and Colorado, and on that last ranch he began with a unit of one thousand Berkshire sows.

It is worth while quoting from a speech recently made by this progressive business man, who has done more than any other man in America to popularize Billy Porker. To make him, in a way, one of the family. Mr. Gossard, like Mrs. Burden, is not raising pigs for this Summer only, but is looking forward to the years following the war, when food will need to be raised in as great quantities as to-day.

"The insistent demand for greater food production will not end with the war," says Mr. Gossard. "In America our increasing population demands that each acre of soil shall yield larger crops. Similarly we are beginning to demand that each pound of grain fed to stock register in increased meat production. Thoroughbred stock achieves his end better than grade stock.

"Pork is scarce and high. The price quoted on pork is such as to make many a city man wonder why he didn't divert his energy years ago to the business of hog raising. I have contrived to handle an extensive hog-raising business while engaging in other pursuits, but to me hog raising seems one of the most remunerative of all industries."

"The prime purpose of the hog-raising industry it to put meat upon the nation's dinner table. The finer the quality of that meat and lower its cost per pound for production the greater our economic benefit. We had to wait until a crisis came to realize the tremendous importance of adequate food production. After this all of us, including the farmers, will be more disposed to treat food production as the tremendous and exacting science that it is. In fact," wound up Mr. Gossard, "pig patriotism will do a mighty lot toward winning the war."

It was this man and his keep-a-pig clubs that started Mrs. Burden to work on Long Island.

Like Mr. Gossard, Mrs. Burden hoped that all the pigs raised might be sent overseas to feed our armies. Of course, she could not start on so large a scale as Epochal's owner, but she did start with two hundred and fifty piglets, which she supplied to every child who asked for one. A matter of $5 paid for the pig, and if the boy or girl did not have the money Mrs. Burden or her friends financed the affair.

To tell the truth, Mrs. Burden did not expect so great a rush of pig requests. She feared that she would have to coax Long Island to accept her pigs, but quite the contrary, and the day came when dozens of small boys lined the roadway leading to her home begging, please, for a pig.

The State Agricultural Department and Calvin Hudson came to the rescue of the charming lady in distress and assured her that the pigs she needed would be found for her.

In the Summer the demands were doubled, trebled, and from close count it looks as though Mrs. Burden's efforts would send nearly two thousand pigs to market later in the Fall. The children of Long Island, from those in the palaces on Wheatley Hills to the farms in the lowlands, are determined to raise every pig they can and so help win the war, or, as they say, help beat the Kaiser.

Perhaps Mrs. Burden's crowning success was her installation at Hicksville, Long Island, of a piggery for big Camp Mills, and by it not only stopping camp kitchen waste, but making it pay a profit. This achievement, one of the most remarkable of the wartime conservation undertakings, is being carried on with the co-operation of Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Smith, Quartermaster's Corps.

The camp, with its capacity of 50,000 men, required 250 kitchens, and each had an incinerator for the disposal of table waste that was not marketable as garbage.

When Lieutenant-Colonel Smith projected the idea of a piggery, Mrs. Burden heard of it and offered a tract of 110 acres, six miles from the camp, near Hicksville, L. I.

She had pens and runways built, wells dug and tanks and gasoline engines installed for pumping. Sheds for Winter quarters for the hogs and breeding pens were built. Barracks were installed for the men who run the piggery. A big range is fenced in for the hogs to use between feeding times.

Mrs. Burden has the "farm" so well in hand now that the cost of feeding the hogs is about 1½ cents each daily.

There are now about 800 hogs on hand, which consume about 15,000 pounds of garbage a day, at a cost to the Government of 10 cents a hundred pounds for labor and transportation. The hogs average 100 pounds when they are bought for the piggery. When the breeding pens begin to yield less and less stock will have to be bought. When they weigh 250 pounds they are sold. They gain on an average of one to one and a half pounds a day.

The first ten hogs sold from the Camp Mills pens represented a cost of about $200. They were fed eighty-five days at a total cost of $15.84, making their total cost $215.84. The ten were sold for $582.20—a net profit of 160 per cent. Since then the piggery has been improved and systematized to keep expenses at a minimum, and the feeding values are utilized to a greater maximum.

Army men and other Government officials are keenly interested in every feature of this experiment.

The national authorities are also interested in the homes occupied by Billy Porker et al. Photographs of the charming all-year-round homes will be sent to any bona-fide pig producer on request. For example there are "A" shaped pens, where ventilation and cleanliness are the first laws of nature. These are practical mansions where work is standardized.

But there are also concrete palaces where each occupant has two rooms and a bath for himself, and a fine large window opening into the communal dining room. But splendid pigs can be raised in any ordinary pen that is kept clean. The gospel of cleanliness is the first thing that Mrs. Burden preaches when she hands out a small porker to the members of her Keep-a-Pig Club.

It seems incredible, but this slender young woman, whose hardest work in the past has been dancing and playing tennis, has taught many a hide-bound Island farmer the wisdom of keeping his pigs clean.

They say that Mrs. Burden goes visiting with a cake of soap in one hand and a scrubbing brush in the other—that is, when she calls on her farmer friends. At all events, more than one farmer has "cleaned house" and now keeps his porkers in the well-ventilated huts recommended by Mr. Gossard.

This has been a wonderful year, Mrs. Burden tells all of her friends, and she is busy planning greater things for next year. Her work will not end even with the war, for America will always need all the pigs that can be raised, and then some. Newport is ready to help its favorite in her great work, and even Mr. James J. Van Alen has promised to raise pigs instead of sheep at Wakehurst, his splendid estate on the cliffs. Pigs on Newport's cliffs!

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The Terrible Retribution which has Punished the Czarina

How Her Plotting with Her Cousin, the Kaiser, Betrayed Russia, Dethroned Her Husband, Led to His Murder and the Cruel Death of Her Idolized Son—Her Own and Her Daughters' Fate a Mystery

UTTER mystery surrounded the fate of the widowed Czarina of Russia and her four pretty young daughters up to four weeks ago, but vague reports from chaotic Russia created a strong impression that they had all been killed.

Concerning the little Czarevitch, the Czarina's only son, the reports left little doubt that he had perished. In a country where the executioners are killing daily until they drop from exhaustion at their work of slaughter, there can be little hope for members of the former ruling class who are caught in the whirlpool of anarchy.

While the fate of the delicately nurtured Czarina and her family must fill us with horror, it is still more amazing and shocking to learn that the unfortunate woman by her treachery brought about the entire tragedy of Russia.

Evidence had long shown that there was constant communication between the Russian court and the German military command. Our knowledge of this subject has just taken a long step forward. Commissioner Henry W. Mapp, of the Salvation Army, a responsible American who had been sent to Russia to relieve distress, came back with positive information that the Czarina herself had sent direct communication by her private wire from Tsarskoe-Selo to the German Kaiser giving information that the British War Minister, Lord Kitchener, was sailed for Russia. Kitchener's mission was to provide for better co-operation between the Russian and Allied armies and to check the disorganization of the Russian armies which had already begun.

Kitchener sailed for Russia on the cruiser Hampshire in April, 1917, and the ship was torpedoed by the Germans off the north of Scotland and lost with everybody on board. This tragedy was directly traceable to the information supplied by the Czarina.

The latest evidence indicates that the Czarina constantly furnished to the Kaiser intelligence concerning Russian military movements. She was a cousin of the Kaiser, the sister of a reigning German sovereign, the Grand Duke of Hesse, a German princess herself by birth, training and instinct. Like the Queen of Greece and other royalties, she was a devoted and unreasoning adherent of the Kaiser.

Right well did she work for her imperial master. Through her treachery she brought about the ruin of her adopted country, the defeat of its armies and the demoralization of its entire political structure, previously weakened by terrible losses and sufferings.

Her treachery, according to this view, was the main factor that caused not only the collapse of the empire, but the death of her husband and her son, and, it appears probable, of herself and all her daughters.

Never perhaps in all history has there been a more perfect case of retribution for treachery.

The last days of the Czarina and her family would surely make a drama of unsurpassed terror. Lost in the wilds of the most desolate part of Russia, at the mercy of half-crazed Bolsheviki politicians, Red Guards and unwashed peasants, the condition of this family of delicately bred women defies description. The wretched Czarina, once the wife of the most absolute monarch in the world, the possessor of jewels valued at $10,000,000, had not even the power to communicate with her relatives and friends.

So great was the uncertainty about the Czarina's fate that His Holiness the Pope sent an inquiry about a month ago to the Austrian Ambassador at Petrograd, asking if he could find out what had happened to her and her daughters. The Austrians, having nominally made peace with the Bolsheviki, it was supposed that they could obtain some information from them. The Ambassador answered His Holiness that their death had been reported and denied, and that no reliable information could be obtained.

The Pope then sent an ecclesiastic of high rank to Russia with instructions to find out definitely what happened to them and to remove them to a place of safety, if possible. As the place where the family were last heard from, Ekaterinburg, is nearly a thousand miles from Petrograd, and as railway travel is almost at an end, no one can say when the envoy will complete his mission.

One of the latest and most circumstantial reports declared that the Czarina and her four daughters had been murdered at a village near Ekaterinburg. A former court servant returned to Petrograd, who declared that he had seen certain details of the tragedy.

According to this man, there had arisen a violent quarrel in the local Soviet as to what should be done with the Czarina and her daughters. The six most bloodthirsty members of the Soviet, a butcher, an innkeeper and four peasants, then went to the house in which the poor women were imprisoned and shot them all.

After this the murderers burned down the house with all the bodies. The servant who brought this news declared that he had seen the charred bodies and some fragments of jewelry the princess had worn.

Russia now groans under a condition of anarchy in which local councils called "Soviets" exercise tyrannous power in their vicinity, while the central bodies at Moscow and Petrograd have little or no authority.

After the circumstantial report about the murder had been received, Lenine, the Bolshevist Prime Minister, announced that he had received a denial of it from Ekaterinburg and that the women were safe.

When the execution of ex-Czar Nicholas was decided on, his wife and children were separated from him in order that pity for them should not lead to any action that might save the fallen monarch. The whole family up to that time had been imprisoned at Tobolsk in Siberia. They were then taken to Ekaterinburg in European Russia, but while the ex-Czar was imprisoned in the town, the rest of the family were taken outside.

The Czar's execution has been reported in many ways from various sources. One report stated that he had faced the firing squad with bravery and steadiness, while another described him as collapsing in terror. The reports generally agreed that his last thoughts had been for his family and that his last words were:

"Have mercy on my wife and children!"

After the Czar's execution his body underwent a strange series of experiences, which suggest his own treatment of the fanatic Rasputin's remains. It will be recalled that the Czar recovered Rasputin's body from the Neva and buried it at midnight in a silver coffin with solemn ceremonies in the grounds of his palace at Tsarskoe Selo, from which it was dug up and carted away to Siberia by the revolutionists.

The Bolsheviki deliberately planned to treat Nicholas's body with the greatest possible indignity. They buried it in the "Suicides' Corner" of the local cemetery. In the eyes of the old-fashioned Russian peasants a suicide is the most hopeless of lost souls, worse even than a murderer, and the spot where such creatures are buried is passed with shuddering and loathing.

The body had not laid here many weeks, however, when a force of the Czecho-Slovak army, the released Austro-Hungarian soldiers who support the Allies, passed this way. They considered that the monarch who had supported the cause they believe in deserved better treatment. They therefore unearthed his body and buried it in consecrated ground with simple religious services.

But the body was not yet to rest. The "People's Army," consisting of Cossacks, obtained possession of the grave, and, being imbued with the old, deep, religious sentiment of Russia, they thought that the Soviet's treatment of the Czar's body was wicked and would bring divine anger on the country. They therefore exhumed the body again with much ceremony and prepared to give it solemn burial according to the rites of the Russian Orthodox Church.

It was enclosed in a zinc coffin with an outer case of Siberian cedar and placed in the Cathedral at Ekaterinburg under a guard composed of commanders of the People's Army. After that the body was carried away to be buried in a special sarcophagus at Omsk.

These details concerning the two burials were furnished by the newspaper Isvestia of Moscow.

Only scraps of information and rumors can be obtained concerning what happened to the Czarina and her children between their removal from Tobolsk and their reported reappearance at Ekaterinburg. This information has come through Russian Bolsheviki and peasants notorious for their untruthfulness and wild imaginations.

The circumstantial report has it that the Red Guards deliberately kept the delicate little Czarevitch out in a public square at Perm day and night for three days without food or shelter. At the end of this time the poor child died of pneumonia brought on by cold and starvation.

The child, whose birth Russia and the rest of the world awaited with anxiety for ten years, is now supposed to be in an unknown grave. Everybody will recall how the Czar and Czarina of Russia longed and prayed for the birth of a son for years. Four daughters in succession were born to the couple, and the Czarina nearly lost her mind through disappointment at her failure to bear the desired heir.

When, at last, in 1904, the little Czarevitch Alexis came, the Imperial couple were transported with joy. The entire thoughts of Russia's ruler were concentrated on this child. As he began to grow he received increased devotion from the Czar. The entire world was ransacked to gratify his wishes. From the strongly guarded precincts of the Russian Court came many reports of attempts by revolutionists on the boy's life. It was very positively stated that one attack had resulted in injury to his leg.

On public occasions after that the Czarevitch was observed to have a permanently stiffened right leg. Though of delicate health, he was a handsome and attractive boy.

How the late Czar spoiled his child is shown by an incident related by Dr. E. J. Dillon, the well-known English writer on Balkan affairs. Not long before the Czar's downfall a special British envoy, General Sir Arthur Paget, was sent to Petrograd to discuss closer cooperation between British and Russians. While he was talking with the Czar, the young Czarevitch got hold of the General's cap and placed it on the head of a female statue. When the Czar saw this he laughed so heartily that the conference was seriously interrupted.

Now, this spoiled heir of the world's greatest autocracy may have been put to death by a band of unwashed ruffians in an obscure village.

It was assumed that the report of the Czarevitch's death must be correct, because no mention was made of him when the rest of the Romanoff family reappeared at Ekaterinburg.

The four daughters of the Czarina were the Grand Duchess Olga, aged twenty-three; Grand Duchess Tatiana, aged twenty-one; Grand Duchess Anastasia, aged nineteen, and Grand Duchess Marie, aged fourteen. Their photographs prove that they were very handsome young girls and all accounts agree that they were charming and sweet.

After the Czar's downfall and a brief period of imprisonment in the palace at Tsarskoe Selo, they were moved to Tobolsk in Siberia. The whole family was forced to occupy the upper floor of a humble house that had belonged to a local tax collector. Revolutionary guards occupied the ground floor.

At first the fallen imperial family was treated with leniency, although subject to considerable privations. They had only one servant and the Czarina was obliged to do much of her own cooking. The deposed monarch and his wife were not allowed to go out except to church, and Nicholas tried to maintain his health by carrying pails of water upstairs. The little Czarevitch was only permitted to go into the public park for a few hours a day under an armed guard.

The young Grand Duchesses, however, were allowed considerable liberty at this stage. They mingled freely with the townspeople and traveled about the country. All signs of rank were discarded in their social relations and the young women were known simply as the Misses Romanoff. The Grand Duchess Olga learnt stenography and typewriting and fitted herself to earn her living in business. The second daughter, Grand Duchess Tatiana, began to train as a nurse. All the girls, in fact, were learning to live in a normal way under a democratic system.

The quarters in the private house were so cramped that the imperial family was removed after three months to the monastery of Tobolsk.

That was before the Russian revolution began to turn toward Bolshevism and terrorism. The anti-Bolshevist sentiments of the Siberians settled the fate of the fallen imperial family. They were removed from Tobolsk hastily by the Red Guards lest the Siberians or Czecho-Slovaks should reach them and liberate them. Then began the terrible journey toward European Russia in which Czar Nicholas lost his life, while the fate of the women was left in uncertainty.

The Former Czarina of Russia and Her Four Daughters, Grand Duchesses Olga, Tatiana, Anastasia and Marie, Whose Mysterious Fate His Holiness the Pope, Is Endeavoring to Clear Up by Personal Investigation.

CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO

Czar Nicholas and His Three Older Daughters During Their Imprisonment After the Revolution, Photograph Taken in Grounds of Tsarskoe Palace,

—and—

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the Little Czarevitch Alexis, Who Is Also Reported to have Lost His Life as a Result of His Mother's Betrayal of Russia to the Germans

Tobolsk, in Siberia, Showing the Monastery to Which the Fallen Imperial Family Was Removed After a Period of Imprisonment in a Small House in the Town.

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Science Devises New Cruel Engines of War

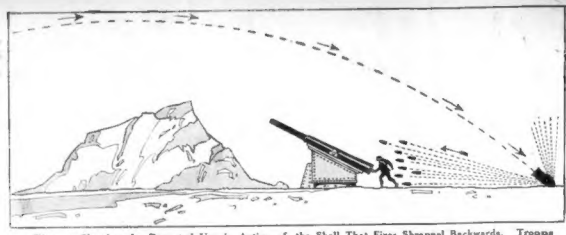


Diagram Showing the Expected Use in Action of the Shell That Fires Shrapnel Backwards. Troops Amply Protected by Defenses Against the Present Shrapnel Shells Would Be Reached by This New Murderous Weapon.

The Gyro-Electric Destroyer That Will Crush Whole Armies, the Shell That Fires Shrapnel Backward and Novel Devices for Burning Cities and Sinking Ships at 20 Miles

FROM all parts of the world come indications that the mind of man is concentrated more than ever before on devising instruments for the destruction of his fellow men.

These instruments surpass in cruelty of intention, in wholesale possibilities of slaughter, all the weapons that have yet been employed in this most terrible of all wars.

Among them are monstrous cars that will crush all human opposition and fortifications, shrapnel shells that will quadruple the force of the present fearful projectile, shells that will obliterate ships at twenty miles, bombs that will spread fire over entire cities.

Undoubtedly one of the most picturesque and terrifying implements of war that have been devised is the "gyro-electric destroyer." This is a large wheel forty-five feet high, designed to roll over enemy trenches and wipe out all opposition. Its gyroscopic attachment will maintain it in position, it is said, in spite of all obstacles. It will pass easily over trenches, shell holes and hills.

One great mechanical success of the present war has been the tank, which attacks trenches and field fortifications and avoids the terrible slaughter that must fall on infantry attacking in the open. Two great weaknesses of the tanks are the movable belt, which can be hit by rifle fire, and its slow speed. The gyro-electric destroyer, it is claimed, possesses all the qualities of the tanks without these weaknesses. It is tremendously swift and invulnerable.

The gyro-electric destroyer has attracted widespread attention in this country and Europe. Many subscriptions for the construction of the first full-sized machine have already been sent to the Electrical Experimenter, whose editor, H. Gernsbach, is the designer. According to the description of the designer the gyro-electric destroyer is a single steel wheel about 45 feet high.

The top of the wheel is not flat, but is in the shape of an arc, which makes rolling a good deal easier. The wheel itself looks like a huge Ferris wheel, and is constructed of channel steel throughout; in order to make it as light as possible, it has no continuous tread or rim, but rather the steel pieces at the circumference are spaced about one foot apart, leaving a clear space for two reasons. First, the weight is cut down. Second, much better purchase is had on the ground, the machine not being apt to slip as would be the case if the top of the wheel was solid.

The wheel has one large shaft passing through the center and extending at each side. This shaft is hollow and need not weigh very much. It is constructed of steel. At the hubs and at the ends of the shaft the latter is provided with armored projections, which will not be damaged in case of shell fire. In the center of the wheel is suspended the engine cab which comprises a gasoline engine of some three hundred to five hundred horsepower, the energy being fed to an electric generator. Two of the electric motors are used for propulsion of the wheel only; they are attached by means of a chain drive to the central shaft as shown.

As soon as the motors start operating, the engine cab swings forward while the wheel moves forward also.

The heavy weight of the engine cab prevents it from turning a somersault, as it were, but it does swing forward, and in case the vehicle is to be stopped the cab must swing backward as shown in the illustration below. The engineer thus has it in his power to run the destroyer fast or slow, simply by changing the speed of his motors. It should also be noted that only a very moderate speed of the motors is necessary, because the diameter of the wheel—45 feet—is so large that it will move at the rate of from forty to sixty miles with the motors runing at very slow speeds. So much for the power plant.

Our attention is now called to the fact that we must steer the destroyer and steer it quickly. To accomplish this, advantage is taken of the gyroscope, which lends itself admirably to this work. A huge cast-steel gyroscope wheel is stationed on the central shaft and is driven rapidly by means of a special electric motor from shore. The gyroscope wheel while in motion, of course, prevents the destroyer from toppling over, but there is incorporated a new idea in the device whereby it becomes possible with a single gyroscope to steer the vehicle.

By shifting the gyroscope wheel either to the left or to the right the vehicle will turn momentarily, all depending on the amount of shifting of the gyroscope, and this shifting need not be very much. If the gyroscope wheel is shifted to the right the machine will move to the left.

If the wheel is moved to the left, the destroyer will move to the right. Attention is called to the fact that his "leaning" is very slight, as the gyroscope tends to keep the machine in its upright position always. For instance, the destroyer will turn corners, not by leaning at a picturesque angle, as might be supposed, but it will actually turn corners in a vertical position, due, of course, to the gyroscope, which tends to keep the wheel in its upright position always.

At the two sides of the wheel are cabs. They hang from the shafts by means of loose slip rings. As there is nothing to hold them back, the two cabs will move backward, due to their inertia while the machine is in motion; they will move forward for the same reason when the destroyer is suddenly stopped.

These armored cabs have the usual guns, the same as the British tanks, and they also have a bottom tube for the discharge of bombs. All the offensive work is carried out by the two gun cabs.

Inasmuch as the wheel of the destroyer is not solid, but made of channel steel, even a large size shell will easily pass through the lattice work of the destroyer without doing much damage, and here is where this machine shows its superiority over the tank. It will be almost impossible to damage this destroyer by means of a direct shot. Even a "dead hit" from a medium caliber gun will not cause much damage, and even a good sized shot hitting the gyroscope will not hurt it very much, for the reason that the latter spins at enormous speed and will be almost certain to deflect the shot, unless, of course, it is a dead hit at right angles to the face of the wheel. The external chain drives are encased in heavy armor, as heavy as possible, to prevent the machine being put out of action. This chain drive, the most vital part of the machine, presents but little surface to an on-coming shell. In contrast thereto you will notice the broad and very large moving tread of a British tank, which comprises almost one-quarter of the surface of the entire tank.

The inventors of Europe are engaged in producing new and more terrible instruments of destruction either for use in the present conflict or those they expect to follow. Records gained by a French periodical show that the Germans are still manufacturing new implements of war with devilish ingenuity, even while their government is talking peace.

One of the most striking inventions is a shell which contains, in addition to the usual charge of circular bullets, a supply of cylindrical bullets which are intended to be discharged backward after the shell has struck. This will enable them to hit enemy soldiers protected by breastwork or other defenses in front, but exposed in their rear.

The backward firing bullets are discharged by a special fuse, and this can be timed in advance before the firing of the shell. The bullets are arranged at an angle to the line of fire of the main projectile. They can be discharged at a distance anywhere from 2,400 to 24,600 feet from the mouth of the gun or at the moment of striking the soil. A graduation indicating these distances is stamped on the shell.

Another interesting peculiarity of this invention is that the discharge of the small bullets increases the force and range of the main projectile. Moreover, the explosion of the small bullets breaks the main shell in a greater number of pieces than is the case with other shrapnel shells and therefore the effect must be more cruel and destructive on human bodies struck. This murderous projectile is the invention of Walter Gebauer, of Berlin.

A new shell has been devised specially to kill gunners protected by a steel shield. They are not usually put out of action by ordinary shrapnel, and to reach them with an armor-piercing shell is a difficult feat. What is needed is a volley of armor-piercing bullets that will explode after penetrating the armor.

The new shell is divided into two parts. The lower division contains a charge of shrapnel bullets and the upper a number of rifled tubes, which are really small cannon. Each contains a small armor-piercing shell. Each is furnished with a charge which can be exploded at a certain prearranged time. When the main projectile is in flight and, say, 160 feet before reaching its mark, the charges of the small shells explode, the nose of the main shell, which is soft, drops off and the minor projectiles speed ahead. These in turn contain an explosive charge which does not go off until they have penetrated the steel obstacle. It is calculated that one of these shells would inevitably destroy the crew of any gun. This invention is credited to Walter Hirsch.

The Deutsches Offizierblatt, of Berlin, an organ for German officers, gives a description of a novel shell carrying a bomb, which is now being made at Essen. Bombs or grenades thrown by hand or by compressed air have a very short range, and it has long been a problem to find some way of discharging them from a cannon. The chief difficulties are that the bomb is too large to be introduced into a cannon and that when placed outside the cannon the rotation of the shell is impeded by the attachment and all aim is lost. This new invention is said to throw a bomb nearly as far as a regular shell from a field gun.

Its most ingenious feature is that the shell revolves, but the bomb does not. The bomb contains an opening through which a rod connecting it with the projectile fits. The rod is separated from the wall of the passage by little steel balls well greased.

The projectile with its steel rod passes right through the bomb, but when it is fired the latter does not revolve with the shell. The bomb projects beyond the mouth of the gun and the steel point of the shell sticks out beyond the bomb. The latter half of the projectile is within the gun.

Acetylene is one of the highest of explosives, perhaps more destructive to ordinary dwellings than any other. Danzer's Armee Zeitung, of Vienna, gives a description of a new acetylene shell which is expected to cause frightful incendiary effects. As the Austrians are now giving freedom to their oppressed peoples, it is hard to understand what they will do with the new shell.

The shell contains a tube running through the shell from one end to the other. The interior of the shell near the head contains a chamber filled with water, which passes through perforations into the tube. The latter contains at its base a piston, supported by a spring. After the firing of the shell, the pressure of the powder gases acts on the piston, which in turn puts such pressure on the water that it breaks through a partition separating it from a great charge of carbide of calcium.

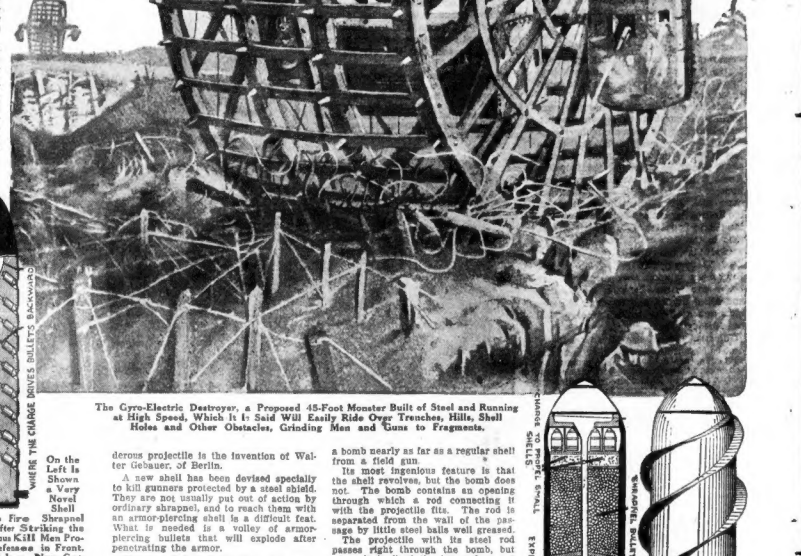
This chemical immediately decomposes, producing acetylene. This gas expands with enormous force, discharging the contents of the shell in every direction.

Enormous advances in the destructiveness of naval shells are reported by the French scientific periodical La Science et la Vie. It is expected that these will be brought into use by the Allied navies should the German high sea fleet venture forth before the end of the war. Improvements in gun construction and range finding devices have been made since the beginning of the war which enormously increase the range at which a ship's firing is effective.

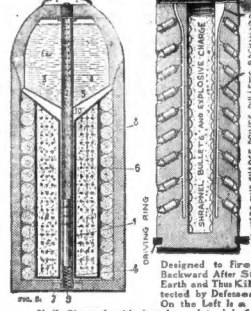
At the battle of the Falkland Islands Admiral Sturdee sank the German ships Gneisenau and Scharnhorst at a distance of ten miles. At the great Jutland engagement Admiral Beatty began to hammer his opponents at twelve miles.

The scientific periodicals cannot give full details of inventions which may be of vital importance in pending actions by the Allies, but it is permissible to indicate certain general results. By the use of the present range-finding instrument called the telemeter the range of an enemy is taken correctly from his smoke when he is out of sight. Accurate firing is also effected on ranges reported by aeroplane.

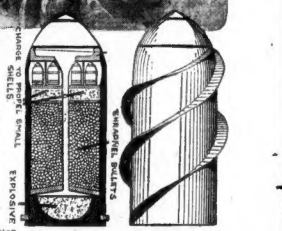
The difficulties of high angle fire on ships have been entirely eliminated. A 15-inch shell can be fired to fall perpendicularly on the deck of a ship twenty miles away. Such a shell must pierce any deck constructed. The shell, after penetrating the deck, will liberate gases that will poison every man below not killed by the shock.



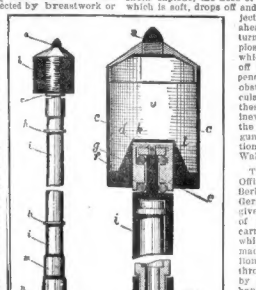
The Gyro-Electric Destroyer, a Proposed 45-Foot Monster Built of Steel and Running at High Speed, Which It Is Said Will Easily Ride Over Trenches, Hills, Shell Holes and Other Obstacles, Grinding Men and Guns to Fragments.



On the Left Is Shown a Very Novel Shell Designed to Fire Shrapnel Backward After Striking the Earth and Thus Kill Men Protected by Defenses in Front. On the Left Is a New German Shell Charged with Acetylene, Intended for Use in Burning Cities. 1—Piston wit Grooves and Compartments. 2—Axial Tube Perforated in the Water Container. 3—Water Container. 4—Wall of Water Container Which Breaks at a Certain Point. 6—Chamber Containing Carbide of Calcium. 7—Screw That Transmits Pressure. 8—Shrapnel Bullets. 9—Perforation in Screw Giving Access from Tube. 10—Empty Space Between Water and Calcium Carbide



Shell Invented by a German Designed to Kill Artillery Men Behind an Armored Protection. The Smaller Shells Leave the Mother Shell at a Certain Point, Penetrate the Armor in Many Places and Explode.



New Device for Firing a Bomb from a Rifled Gun. The Shell Revolves, Securing Accuracy of Aim, but the Bomb Does Not Turn. A—Point of Shell. B—Bomb. C—Rod Connecting the Bomb and Projectile. D—Rubber Disk to Lessen Shock to Rod. E—Reduced Part of Connecting Rod Turning on Ball Bearings. F—Ball Bearings. G—Partition. H, H—Driving-Rings Giving Rotation to the Projectile. K—Section of Rod. L—Screw. M—Back Part of Connecting Rod Introduced Into Socket N Containing Charge.

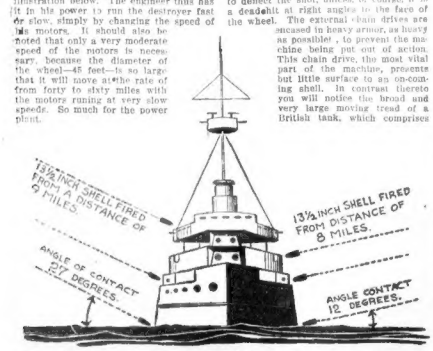

13½-INCH SHELL FIRED FROM A DISTANCE OF 4 MILES.
13½-INCH SHELL FIRED FROM DISTANCE OF 8 MILES.
ANGLE OF CONTACT 21° DEGREES.
ANGLE CONTACT 12° DEGREES.

Diagram Showing How the Armor-Piercing Shells in Their Plunging Flight, Penetrate the Deck of a Ship, Striking an Even More Destructive Blow Than Would Be Aimed Against the Armored Sides.

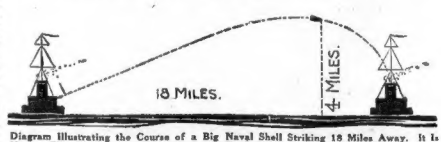


Diagram Illustrating the Course of a Big Naval Shell Striking 18 Miles Away. It Is Known That an Enormous Increase in the Range of Great Naval Shells Has Recently Been Obtained and It Is Said That a Ship Can Now Be Sunk 23 Miles Away. No Ship Afloat It Is Believed Can Resist a Shell Dropping Downwards from a Height of Upwards of 4 Miles

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My Own Fault that I Lost the Wife I Still Love

The Divorced Husband of Mrs. William Grant Brown, the Widely-Known Club Woman, Thoughtfully Reviews His Twenty Years of Married Life and Points Out with Sadness His Fatal Error Which Cost Him His Distinguished and Wealthy Wife

By Mr. William Grant Brown,
the Distinguished New York Lawyer, Reform Leader and Philanthropist.

(In an Interview.)

THE divorce granted to Mrs. William Grant Brown, in Reno, Nevada, the other day, surprised and interested woman clubdom from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific. Mrs. Brown had a nation-wide prominence as president of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, chairman of the New York State Chapter of the Council for National Defense, etc.

Her husband, a leading attorney of New York City, a prominent reform politician, and a philanthropist, whose Summer home in Westchester County is just now given over to the poor who have been collected from the highways and byways of the world by the Salvation Army, is also widely known and a distinguished member of the bar.

The pair, wealthy, highly esteemed and public spirited, were believed to be extremely happy.

What were the secret causes underlying the growing incompatibility which led Mrs. Brown to ask for freedom after twenty years of married life?

Mr. Brown confesses that the fault was entirely his. Without a word of blame for the woman whom he still loves, he explains on this page the lesson that it has taken him a lifetime to learn—"the yielding to every desire and caprice that wins a bride will not hold her respect and affection as a wife."

Mr. William Grant Brown.

MY sincere conviction is that I am today wifeless through my own fault. No word of censure of Mrs. Brown has passed or will ever pass my lips. I fully and willingly assume the responsibility for our broken marriage, our sundered vows. The Reno divorce came about through my own error in view and practice.

Do not assume that I, a divorced former husband, stand in the dock of public opinion as Rev. P. Walter Dimmesdale stood in the stocks, where Nathaniel Hawthorne placed him with the Scarlet Letter on his breast. I have committed no wilful and flagrant wrong against my wife nor against society. She has alleged that I was constructively cruel, that I neglected her and showed toward her a lack of respect. I agreed in my instructions to my lawyer to admit whatever a man could do in chivalry and with honor among men. I submit to the edict. I bend my shoulders to the blow.

My wife is still preeminent among women, in my opinion. In my reply to a letter from her attorney, I said: "I must not pluck nor possess a rose to love it." I still love Mrs. Brown.

My esteemed former wife would look upon this confession as a weakness. In that I agree with her. For had I been less "weak" she might still be my companion for life, as she was for twenty years.

The great mistake I made was that for twenty years I yielded to every wish of Mrs. Brown's pertaining to our married life. Instead, I should have taken her firmly in hand, as most men manage their wives. I should not have idealized, but with kindly firmness led and governed her. I failed because I was not a cave man.

Society has been refined since the stone age, and while the precise methods of our Cavernian ancestors must be refined to fit the settings of the modern drawing-room, nevertheless his theory of management of his wife is still sound.

At the outset let me make quite clear what I mean by the cave man. Every one knows that in the world's dim age there was a creature of much hair and extraordinarily developed biceps, whose address was a cavern, and whose weapon against the world a club of inordinate size. The cave man's domestic manners were not gentle. By way of wooing he struck the maid of his fancy so sound a blow with his club that he felled her to the earth. The wedding ceremony consisted in dragging her to his cave by the hair. Naturally, following this precedent, his home manners could not have been overrefined. Yet, in the cave age, there were no divorces.

But in the United States to-day there is one divorce for every eight marriages. The modern husband seems to be a failure. For the social matrimonial ailment I would suggest a remedy. That is a restoration to the old discipline.

The cave man methods still prevail in certain congested districts of all large cities. A laborer not far removed from the soil gets his week's pay, goes on a Saturday night spree, goes home and gives his wife a black eye. Maybe she quietly submits. Perhaps she has him arrested. But by nine o'clock on Monday morning she appears in court and says to the judge, "No, Your Honor, I won't press the charge. He is a good man when not in the drink. Let him go."

"Society has been refined since the stone age, and while the precise methods of our Cavernian ancestor must be refined to fit the settings of the modern drawing-room, nevertheless his theory of management of his wife is still sound."

Mrs. William Grant Brown, Just Awarded a Divorce Decree.

An Early Type of Cave Man.

A crude instance this of modern cave man methods. I have been called a reformer. If I am I can not be recorded as approving such primitive methods of family discipline. But I do believe that something can be learned from our hairy progenitors. There is something of good in all systems.

Every man is a survivor of the cave man system. He is a lineal descendant of some hairy forefather who maintained discipline in his home. Why has he fallen away from the old standards? Because, as in my own case, he fell into the grievous error of idealizing his wife.

The cave man of to-day may learn something of firmness and undeviating discipline from his uncouth forebears. His methods should not be copied, but his spirit of dominance would make for greater stability of society. For unstable indeed is the society built upon a foundation of unstable homes.

The cave man's practise at least one respect. He maintained his post as the head of the home. His worthy descendants maintain that position. If any of us have failed to maintain such post we are his unworth yeons.

The cave man of to-day wears fairly good clothes. In most instances his beard has vanished. His club has been replaced in many cases by a cane. But he has authority. And that authority is respected. He is the head of the home.

The unworthy son of the cave man, and I count myself among the number, begins his marriage upon a wrong basis. He begins by idealizing the woman whom he has chosen for a wife. He sets out upon the long way of marriage with the theory: "I love her. Therefore she is perfect. Whatever she does is right." Such an assumption is the beginning of unhappiness.

If a man would make his marriage a permanently happy one he should begin with the understanding that in the home his wife is supreme. There should be no interference with her authority in that domain. Of this closed world she is queen. There should never be a shadow of a dispute of her possession of the home throne.

But of that sphere which we call down town, the open world, she cannot be expected to know as much as he. In regard to the latter he is presumably an expert. At the most he should be consulted in matters pertaining to that world. The pair should take counsel in matters outside the home. The modern cave man insists upon at least a hearing.

This division of authority makes for family happiness in particular as relates to the children. The children respect their mother's rule of the home. I fancy that not even the aboriginal cave man interfered with his wife's roasting the game he had dragged home from the forest. But if she told him how to hunt that game there would have been natural resentment on his part. So, in the home to-day, the wife and mother who prescribes the methods of the hunt is not a subject for grave consideration. In homes in which she does so prescribe the children naturally lose respect not only for their father for accepting the intrusion upon his domain, but for the mother who, ill qualified as she is, offers instruction.

The cave man of modern times should insist upon the right of advising his wife in affairs that until recently have been wholly out of her domain. Wrongly out of her domain, I admit, nevertheless outside her zone of activities. His well-meant efforts should not be construed as dictatorial. His wife should remember that some one has well said: "Better be a nettle in a friend's side than an echo." No one's judgment is infallible. The moment a woman or a man thinks so the first step has been taken to the gate of paranoia.

I say this in all fairness. The intense outside-the-home activities of the highly organized woman of to-day when pursued to excess are liable to produce overconfidence. An overconfidence that is further fostered by the fulsome praise of persons who want something. Overconfidence succeeds conceit. A stride further on and we have belief in personal infallibility, delusions of personal grandeur, paranoia.

In view of this, and for other reasons, the far-seeing husband will exercise the residuum of the cave man stuff in him and reasonably restrict his wife's club activities. He should do this for the basic reason that overexercise of these activities interferes with the home. In troublous times of war and of seeking the vote for women, gifted, intelligent women acted upon the assumption that ninety per cent of their energies should be expended in public work. After securing the vote the percentage seemed to reach eighty per cent. In these abnormal times I have no quarrel with the percentage. But when the war has passed it will be better for society if the expenditure of feminine energy outside the home go back to five per cent.

Clubs have for the most part served their purpose. They were a means to an end. But the end has been reached. They were training schools for women for public service. They prepared women to vote. But in many States women now have the vote. Clubs developed their executive ability, enabled them to work in the mass. But war work has taught that lesson. It should be apparent to the thinking that the old-time club is becoming extinct, should become extinct.

Continued, and permitted to sap the common home interests, to divide husbands and wives, they have a vampire function.

I might, were I at liberty so to do, tell of domestic tragedies, spiritual tragedies that have had their root in the excess and abuse of clubs.

It is no part of my intention to minimize the great work of the pioneers in the cause of woman. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Mary Garrett Hay, Mary Wood and others in the forefront of the movement I have the honor of knowing. Elizabeth Cady Stanton was a glory of her sex. Every movement has had, will have, its missionaries, its crusaders and its martyrs. They have been necessary in the past. They are necessary in the present. They will be necessary in the future.

But women who are not of this annointed class are prone to believe they belong to it. Some women are bright. Some women are brilliant. There is a wide difference between the two. The difference is apparent to all save those who, being merely bright, think they are brilliant. And who fatuously so believing act upon that belief.

I have talked rather freely upon the root of clubwomen's marital differences. I have tried to convince you that the residuum of the cave man qualities in the modern man should be in evidence. He is justified in resorting to the modern substitute for the cave man's club. It is moral suasion. If frequent and emphatic doses of the moral suasion are needed, let them be given.

Reviewing the subject, my conclusion is that the modern cave man should appeal to two qualities in his wife. They are her common sense and her fear of ridicule. Take the concrete instance of an amiable misguided little woman who wants to become Governor of the State of New York. If she enters the race she will get one vote. That will be her own. If common sense will not restrain her, try to deepen within her the fear of ridicule.

The fine woman who was my wife has my love and hope for a happy and useful life. I believe she was actuated in forsaking my home, hastening to Reno on a pretext of paying a visit to her parents in Schenectady, by the conviction that she could best serve the cause of woman if she were unmarried.

To recapitulate my views, may I say first: The yielding to every desire and caprice that wins a bride will not hold her respect and affection as a wife. Strong, firm, manly guidance is essential to permanent domestic life, without which society and the state cannot thrive.

Second: When the law guarantees equal and uniform political opportunities to men and women alike, thus removing the just cause for almost universal unrest among the liberty-loving mothers of men, the mother and homing instincts of woman will, I hope, save her from excesses and ambitions inconsistent with the first duty of both women and men, namely, the founding and protection of genuine family life. Also that the fear of appearing ridiculous as a slacker in family matters and in aspiring to public activities for which she is unfit and unqualified will safeguard society as no legal restraint can do. Legal restraints would only prolong the period of unrest.

Don't accept your clever wife's view that to differ from you is less majesty. Such is the beginning of divorce.

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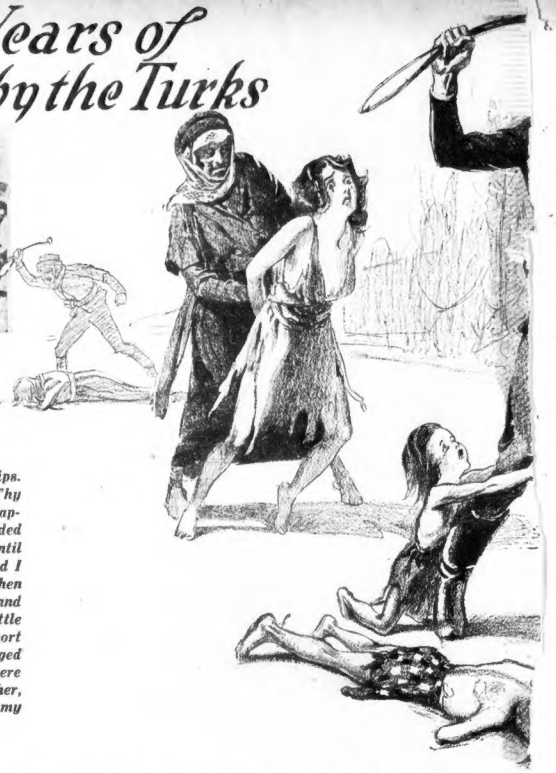
Ravished Armenia — My Two Years of Torture by the Turks

FACING AN UNKNOWN DESTINY

Armenian families herded on a plain outside a city, waiting to be taken away—to the death of starvation in the deserts or death by the sword and club in a massacre.



By Aurora Mardiganian

Continued from Last Sunday.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN the hands of Agha Bekran—the slave dealer of Moush!

Ten thousand Armenian girls, delicate, refined daughters of Christian homes, college girls, young school teachers, daughters of the rich and the poor, have experienced the terror of that same feeling that came over me that day when I realized that I was a captive in the house of this notorious slave dealer of Moush.

We who had been stolen by the Sheikh Zilan, as I told last Sunday, from the church in which my mother and her party were hiding, were driven into a damp, evil-smelling room in Bekran's house. It was the "donkey room"—the room on the street floor of the house in which Bekran kept his donkeys and goats. It was a room from which there could be no escape, and in which we could not even lie down for fear of being trampled upon.

Bekran left us in the donkey room all night. In the morning his hammal, or porter, came in to feed the animals. When he had finished this task he ordered us to follow him.

Bekran awaited us in the selamlik. I shuddered when I saw him—he was so old and withered and cruel looking. A negress waited upon him. He sat on cushions on the floor, in the old fashion. The selamlik was barren and ill-kept. Everywhere there was dirt. Bekran's flowing garments, once of rich texture, were ragged and frayed. Yet I knew Bekran must be very rich—from the profits the helplessness of the Armenians had brought him.

We fell upon our knees before him—then we bent into the posture of the Mohammedans—we wanted so much to make him listen to our pleading. I had suffered so much, I thought surely I could persuade this old man to let me go to my mother again. But Bekran did not even speak. His eyes roved over us—I could feel them. He signed to the hammal and the man lifted us to our feet, one by one, that his master might see our height, our size and judge of our attractiveness. Then he gave another sign and we were taken across the inside court, through a stone doorway, and into a large room where there were a number of other Armenian girls, with here and there a Circassian or a Russian from the Caucasus, among them.

Soon the hammal came into the room with figs and bread. I could not eat, neither could any of the four girls who had been of my mother's party from Ourfa. Few of the others ate, either—as all had come but recently into the hands of Bekran and were too downcast. When the hammal saw that we, who were late comers into the company, did not eat, he said, 'That is well. We will lose no time at the bath.' He then compelled us to cleanse ourselves as well as we could of the marks of our nights in the sand and in the donkey room, with water from a stone tub in the courtyard.

Two men servants who came into the court while we were bathing then joined the hammal. Together they made us stand in a long line. The girls who had been in the house when we arrived saved us from the whips the hammal and his men carried by telling us what to do. They told us, too, that we were to be marched out into the street just as we were—unclothed—and to the public slave market of Agha Bekran.

There could be no escape. To break away from the line would mean instant death at the hands of a passing gendarme, or capture by soldiers or citizens. We were at least protected from that by Bekran's servants. The slave market was in an old, once abandoned khan, standing almost in the centre of the city. Often in its history this khan had served this same purpose—it was famous, I afterward learned, during the first days of the Sultan Abdul-Hamid as a depot for the auctioning of Circassian girls. Here, it is said, came the agents of rich Turks from all over Turkey, even from the European provinces, to bid for their choice of young women captives.

When the protecting influence of the European nations was lost because of the war, and the persecution of the Armenians began, the slave market was again established—patronized now mostly by the military officials and the local pachas who liked to send Christian girls as presents to powerful friends in government circles in Constantinople.

At the khan some of the girls were left standing on the walk at the side of the road—or sitting on the ground—against the outer wall. One of the servants squatted near, keeping his eyes upon his master's "wares." Inside was a large room. Here sat Agha Bekran, waiting for customers. He paid no attention to us. The hammal gave us no heed, either, once we were inside the door. He sat on a small divan near the entrance and called out to passers-by.

All morning purchasers came. As each one spoke to Bekran the porter would clap his hands and we were made to gather in a circle around Bekran and his customer. Many of these purchasers came, and many girls were sold—but only for a few pennies apiece. There were too many in the market to demand large prices! When a girl was sold she remained until a servant came to take her away.

Late in the afternoon of the second day a customer to whom Agha Bekran paid great respect entered the khan. He was a servant, but from his clothes I knew him to be the servant of a rich man. From those of us who were left he selected three—and I was one of the three. He seemed to be especially pleased with me. While we stood near he bargained with Bekran. At last the terms were agreed upon. I was bought for one medjidian—85 cents!

Outside the khan was an araba—a donkey cart. The two other girls and I were placed in this. We were taken outside the city, to the country house occupied by Djevdet Bey, the Vali of the province of Van, who was then commander of the Turkish army operating against the Russians.

We were taken to the haremlik, where there were a number of other young Armenian women. Before evening the kalfa, or head servant, came in to us, and we were asked, one by one, if we were willing to become Mohammedans. The Kalfa explained that only those would remain in the care and keeping of Djevdet Bey, the mighty Pacha, and have the honor of his protection, who willingly adopted the creed of Islam.

Though he was cruel and, as his deeds show, the most unscrupulous of all Turkish Pachas, Djevdet Bey desired, it was made plain to us, to keep within the provisions of the fetva issued by Sultan Abdul Hamid and still in effect, which pretends to prohibit the enslavery of Armenian and other Christian girls unless they first become Mohammedans.

I did not know what the Kalfa would do with me if I refused to accept the creed of Islam. I feared the punishment would be death, or the public khan at once, but I could not bring myself to deny God, after having remained faithful to Him so long. I asked Him what I should do—and His answer came, just as clear and direct as when I was about to use my knife outside the rocks of Diyarbekir, as I have told before. I seemed to see Father Rupen, the priest, and I even felt his hand on my shoulder again, just as when he said to me, "Always trust in God and remain faithful unto Him." I told the Kalfa I could not foreswear my God.

One of the other girls who had been brought to Djevdet Bey's house with me refused to give up her religion, even to save her life. The third girl had suffered so much—her heart and soul were broken. She gave way. The kalfa put the other girl and me into another room. In a little while both of us were summoned, put into separate arabas and driven away. What became of the other little girl I do not know. I was taken to the house of a Turk whom I soon learned was Ahmed Bey, one of the rich men of Moush. I was a present to Ahmed from Djevdet Bey.

I cannot forget the depression that came over me when I entered the courtyard of Ahmed Bey's house. Twice before, since the deportations began, had I been taken a captive into the houses of Turks and left at their mercy. Yet now, I seemed to feel, all my hopes were to disappear. Perhaps it was because the house of Ahmed was outside the city, in the plains—as a prison would be. And there were twenty-four other girls in the haremlik, each with her own memory of sufferings, more terrible even, some of them, than had been my own.

Ahmed Bey himself was very old, yet some of these twenty-four girls had been sacrificed to him. The others were divided between his two sons. Ahmed was, perhaps, a truer type of the fanatical Turk than any whose victims I had yet been. His interest seemed not to be so much in the young women themselves as in the children which he wanted them to bear to his sons—children in whom the blood of the noble Armenian race might be blended with that of the savage Turk, and who might live to perpetuate the strain of his family.

I was not summoned before Ahmed Bey until the next day. He had me brought to him in the selamlik—the men's apartments. I had asked for clothing, but the haremlik attaches would not give me any, nor would they allow me to accept garments from the other girls in the harem. "Not until Ahmed indicates his desires," was the answer of the Kalfa to my pleadings.

Ahmed Bey spoke to me gently, but it was with the gentleness that hurts worse than blows. "I was to be one of the favored of his women," he said, "because I had been sent to his house by His Excellency Djevdet Bey." He gave a sign, and a little slave girl appeared with the rich dress of a favored Turkish girl. "Many of these and many ornaments, as well as kindness and affection, shall be yours as long as you are obedient and respectful," Ahmed said. "First, you shall renounce the God you have been taught to worship and accept the forgiveness of Allah and Mohammed, his prophet."

I told him I was weary of suffering, but that I had been given into the keeping of God by my mother, and that I would not desert Him. At this Ahmed became furious. All his gentleness passed away. He trembled in his anger. He upbraided me and my people and blasphemed my religion. I cried with shame at hearing him, but he had no pity. I pleaded with him to free me, that I might return to my mother's party, and I told him of the paper given my mother by Haidar Pacha of Ourfa. But he would not listen.

The little slave was sent from the room, to summon one of Ahmed's sons. The son came in almost immediately. Ahmed called him "Nazim." "This is the one sent me by Djevdet Bey himself. I have set her aside for you, my son, because of her comeliness and youth. But her spirit must be broken. I have sent for you that you might look upon her and decide—what shall be done with her."

Ahmed's son spoke to me, but I did not answer. Then he took my hand, drew me up before him and lifted my face that he might look into my eyes.

"Leave her to me, my father, that I may try to persuade her to be happy in our house," Nazim said.

The little slave led me to an apartment—a small room looking out upon the inside court, with a divan and cushions. I asked her to leave the dress with me, that I might at least cover myself, but she said she could not do that without permission. When she had left me Nazim crossed the court from the selamlik and came at once to me.

He had the same gentleness as his father—and it hurt in the same way. He asked me to accept Mohammed that he might make me his "bride." He told me my sufferings would be very hard to bear if I refused, but that I would have many luxuries if I consented.

I knew I could not escape. My thoughts went to my mother. I told Nazim that as long as my mother was an exile, doomed to die a wanderer, I could not speak of being a "bride." I told him if he would save her, if he would bring her to me, I would ask her if she thought best that I sacrifice my religion in return for my life and safety—and if she would say that it would be right, then, with her always near to comfort me, I would let my soul die that my body and hers might live.

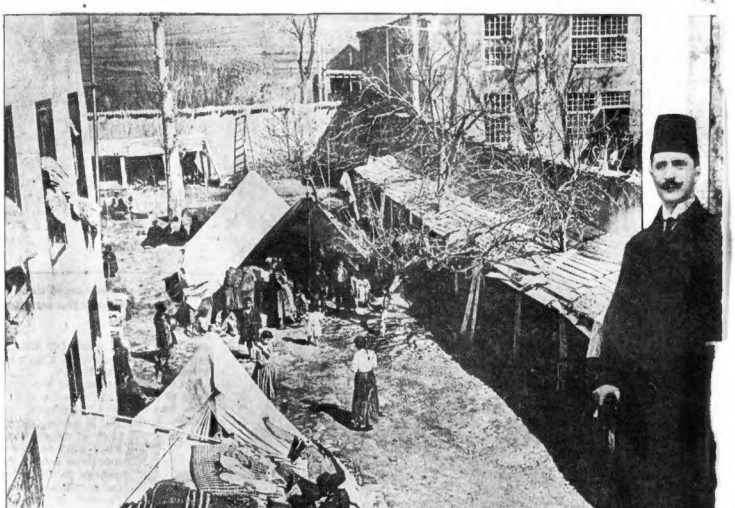
"You will have to learn it is not the slave's privilege to bargain," he said as he strode away.

Hours went by, and I crouched on the divan—waiting. At every step I feared I was to be summoned again—this time for something I could only expect to be a torture. At last a Zaptieth who belonged to Ahmed Bey's personal retainers came for me. He lifted me roughly and dragged me with him across the court and onto the road in front of the house. A little ways from the garden walls there was a group of other Zaptieths.

Among them I saw my mother, little Hovan and Mardiros and little Sarah, my brothers and sister, and the others of my mother's party. I had told Nazim where they were when I pleaded with him to restore them to me—and he had sent for them.

I tried to break away, to run toward them. The Zaptieth at my side held me back. My mother was kneeling, with her hands lifted to heaven. Sarah ran toward me, her arms stretched out. "Aurora—Aurora—don't let them kill us!" Sarah cried. The Zaptieth swung the heavy handle of his whip high in the air and brought it

"Mother moved her lips. 'God of St. Gregory, Thy will be done.' The Zaptieth's whip descended again and again, until her body relaxed, and I knew she was dead. Then he drew his knife and plunged it into little Hovan. In those short minutes all that belonged to me in this world were swept away — mother, Hovan, Mardiros and my little sister."



Aurora's mother and her family, with other refugees, in camp outside the abandoned Armenian church at Moush. It was here the Zaptieths found them when Ahmed Bey ordered them beaten to death to "teach his new slave, Aurora, a lesson." Aurora's mother is in the foreground, her back turned. Sarah is at her left. Hovan is just behind Sarah.

Djevdet Bey, the notorio Governor of Van, brother-law of the Sultan, to wh Aurora was sold for 85 cen He gave her to his frie Ahmed Bey, as a present

The Only Christian Armenian Girl to Escape at Last from the Murdering Turks and Kurds and the Wicked Harems of the Sultan's Bloodthirsty Officials Reveals, for the First Time, Details of the Wholesale Massacres and Seizure of Thousands of Young Women, Which She Witnessed

A shepherd of Tchemesh-Gedzak. It was a shepherd from her own city who finally rescued Aurora.

ON these pages twelve weeks ago began the story of Aurora Mardiganian, the only Christian Armenian girl to escape the Turkish massacres of the Christians in Asia Minor, which began in her city, Tchemesh-Gedzak, near Harpout, 3 years ago on Easter Sunday.

Little Aurora's father and elder brother met their death at the hands of the Turks. Aurora, although only fourteen, was a well-developed and a very pretty girl. The Turkish governor had already marked her for his harem. He promised to spare her mother and brothers and sisters if she would join his harem slaves, but her devoted priest and her mother refused to let her make the sacrifice. The Pacha summoned all the Christian men and massacred them. The Turks carried off to their harems scores of the prettiest girls.

Then with the 4,000 Christian women and children of her city, Aurora was taken into the desert, where she was stolen by Musa Bey, the notorious Kurd Chieftain. Musa Bey sold her to Kehmal Effendi. She escaped by jumping into the Euphrates, and then began her wanderings over hundreds of miles of plain and desert, through mountains and valleys, now a captive of Kurds, now prisoner in a luxurious harem. She has told how she saw hundreds of thousands of her sisters beaten to death or carried away as slaves, and how, gradually, her people were wiped off the face of the earth.

To-day she tells of the death, before her eyes, of her mother, brothers and sister, of her experience in the house of Ahmed Bey, and of the shepherd of Tchemesh-Gedzak who came to her rescue. Next week Aurora will tell of her escape and how she finally reached the United States. Miss Mardiganian is telling her story on these pages with the consent of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, which is sending millions of dollars to the relief of the suffering Christians whom Aurora left behind.

Ahmed Bey (centre), one of his sons (at the left of Ahmed), and men of his household. In the distance is the house in which Aurora was Ahmed's captive. The son shown in the picture is the one Ahmed wanted Aurora to marry. Photograph found in the archives of Moush after the Russian occupation.

down on Sarah's head so that the blow flung her little body far out of the path. She did not move again. I think the blow must have crushed in my little sister's head.

Mother saw—and so did Hovan and Mardiros. Mother fell to the ground, motionless. A Zaptieh lifted her and struck her with his whip.

I fell onto my knees before the chief of the Zaptiehs. "Spare my mother—spare my brothers!" I cried to him. "I will do anything you wish—I will belong to Allah—I will thank him only—if you will spare them!"

"shall be as Nazim Bey desires," the Zaptieh said. I understand—I clung to him and prayed to him ad at once. I tried to touch my mother, but the kicked me to the ground. Then, suddenly, I y they waited. Nazim Bey had come out of the d had come up to us. When I saw him I crept to nd begged him for mercy. "I will be Turkish—to Allah—I will obey—just to save my mother," him.

is well—but you shall not only be a Moslem but shall be the daughter of a Moslem—that will be ll"—said Nazim. "What does the old woman

ieth jerked mother to her feet again. He lifted The creed—quick!" he said to her.

, please—God will forgive you—father is in heaven and he will understand!" I cried to mother.

Mother was too weak to speak aloud, but her lips moved in a whisper: "God of St. Gregory, Thy will be done!"

The Zaptieh's heavy whip descended. Mother sank to the ground. I tried to reach her, but the Zaptiehs held me. Again and again the whip fell. Mardiros screamed and tried to save her with his weak little hands. Another Zaptieh caught him by the arm and killed him with a single blow from his whip handle. When they flung him aside Mardiros's body fell almost at my feet.

Hovan wrapped his arms around the Zaptieh who was beating my mother, but his strength was too feeble. The Zaptieh did not even notice him until my mother's body relaxed and I knew she was dead. Then he drew his knife and plunged it into little Hovan.

It was only a little while—two minutes, perhaps, or three, that I stood there, held by the Zaptieh. But in those short minutes all that belonged to me in this world was swept away—my mother, Mardiros and Hovan, and Sarah. Their bodies were at my feet. Both mother and Hovan died with their eyes turned to me, looking into mine! My eyes see them now, every day and every night—every hour, almost—when I look out into the new world about me. I must keep them closed for hours at a time to try to keep the vision shut out.

I heard Nazim Bey give an order to his father's Zaptiehs. Some of them picked up the bodies of my dear ones and carried them away, I do not know where. The others lifted me off the ground—I could not walk—and carried me to the house and back to the room with the divan. For two days and nights no one came near me but the slave girls. All that time I cried; I could not keep the tears from coming. That was when my eyes gave way; that is why I cannot see very well now without glasses.

On the third day Nazim, accompanied by his father, Ahmed, came to my room. Ahmed spoke with the same cruel gentleness. "What is past is gone, little one; it is time your thoughts should turn to the future. Nazim desires you. You are honored. He has punished you for your stubbornness, and he would forgive you and take you to his heart. That is as it must be. Your people are gone. There is none to give you mistaken counsel. You will now accept the favor of Allah and enter into a state of true righteousness."

"I want to die—kill me! I will never listen to your son nor to your Allah."

I had known sooner or later Ahmed or Nazim would come to me. That was the way in their house. My answer was ready.

They took me into another wing of the house, to a dungeon room, with just one iron-barred window looking out into the courtyard. There was no divan or cushions, just the floor and the walls. The window was high in the wall. I could not look out at anything but the sky—that same sky which covered so much of tragedy in my ravished Armenia.

Day after day, night after night, went by. Each day the alaiks, or slave girls, came and brought me bread, berries and milk. And each day the hodja, the teacher-priest, came to ask me if I were ready to accept the creed. But each day God took me closer into His heart, for I kept up my courage by talking to Him.

And then one night, after so many days had past I had lost count of them, God reached in through my dungeon window.

I was awakened by a commotion in the courtyard where, on other nights, it had been very quiet. Soon I understood what was happening—sheep were being driven in through the gate. Ahmed's flock was being brought in from the hill pastures, driven in, perhaps, by military conditions.

I heard the yard gates swing shut. Then, above the bleating of the excited, restless sheep, I heard the shepherd whistle his call to quiet them. I jumped to my feet, my heart throbbing. Breathlessly I listened for the shepherd to repeat the call. Then I was sure—it was the same peculiar call, sharp and shrill, which my father always taught his own shepherds, the call which he had been taught by his own father when, as a little boy, he learned the ways of his father's sheep on the great pastures of Mamuret-ul Aziz. When I was very young our shepherds used to laugh at me when I would try to imitate them. I had been a very happy little girl when one day I succeeded so well that suddenly the sheep in our flock turned away from their grass and ran toward me.

No other shepherds than ours, or at least one who had come from Tchemesh Gedzag, would know that call, I was certain. And all shepherds in Armenia are Armenians. Ahmed's sheep were tired and nervous. The unknown shepherd remained among them, every now and then repeating that same call, softer and softer. I went close to the window, lifted my face toward the iron-barred window and repeated the call. Even the sheep seemed to sense something unusual. They were suddenly quiet. Again I whistled, this time with more courage. Instantly the shepherd answered—I could almost detect his note of wonder.

I had learned that by leaping as high as I could I could catch the window bars with my hands and lift myself until my face reached above the window sill. Often I had caught glimpses of the yard in this way. But I was not strong enough to hold myself up more than a few seconds at a time.

Now I tried this, hoping to catch a glimpse of the shepherd in the moonlight. As I pulled myself up, I whistled again. Many times I tried before I attracted his attention to the window. When I had succeeded and he understood that behind that window there was a captive who was trying to signal to him, he made me understand by repeating his call three times in quick succession directly under the window.

I dared not call out to him, and I think he understood this. I tore a great piece of cloth from the dress that had been given me. I rolled this into a ball and threw it out. He saw and answered with his call. I hoped he would understand the torn cloth as a symbol of my imprisonment—and my hope that he would save me. I could hardly believe that even an Armenian shepherd would be left alive, yet it seemed to be so.

In the morning when the sheep were taken out the shepherd whistled under my window and I knew that he was signalling me. I answered as softly as I could. All that day a new hope gave me courage. I was sure deliverance was at hand, though I could not explain why.

I did not even attempt to sleep that night. The sheep came in early and the shepherd whistled his call. An hour later I heard it again—the shepherd still was in the yard. It must have been near midnight when I heard a rattling at the window bars. I looked, and there, framed in the moonlight, was a face I knew—the face of old Vartabed, who had been my father's shepherd when I was a little girl! God had sent him to me and had made me to hear and understand that familiar whistled call!

Vartabed called: "Who is here who comes from the Mamuret-el Aziz?"

"It is Aurora, the daughter of Giragos, of the Mardiganians of Tchemesk-Gedzak. You are Vartabed. Do you not remember me, who used to steal your lambs from the flock and feed them candies?"

Vartabed remembered. I told him all that I could, quickly. How I had come to be a captive of Ahmed and why I was in the dungeon. Tears came into Vartabed's ancient eyes when I told him how all my people were dead. I asked him how it was that he had been saved. "Old Vartabed is not worth the slaughter," he said. "I am of much value, since the sheep of Ahmed will behave only for me. Ahmed has forgotten that I am an Armenian, since I bend my knees for every prayer to Allah and thus prolong my days. But God understands that I am a Christian still."

He promised to help me to escape the dungeon. How he would bring it about he could not tell. "God will find a way," he said to me, and when he dropped back among his sheep in the courtyard I knew that God loved me and would, somehow, open the dungeon door.

To be Concluded Next Sunday.

Miss Mardiganian, whose revelations on these pages have been the first detailed and accurate description of the atrocities practised upon her people by the Turks, has consented to have her experiences reproduced in motion pictures in co-operation with the American Committee for Syrian and Armenian Relief of New York City, of which Mr. Cleveland Dodge is treasurer.

This committee, which already has sent millions of dollars to the aid of the Armenian survivors, will present the film version of Miss Mardiganian's story, under the title "Ravished Armenia," in connection with a campaign which, with the permission of the State Department, will begin January 12.

This historic attempt at the annihilation of a worthy Christian people is already being impressively filmed and, like several of the Red Cross and French and English official motion pictures, will carry the truth to the whole of Christendom.

Did She Do Right? — By Elinor Glyn

STELLA RAWSON, an English girl, is engaged to Eustace Medlicott, the Bishop's junior chaplain in her home parish. It is now May and the marriage is scheduled to take place in September. The match, however, is due more to the efforts of Mrs. Ebley, Stella's aunt, than to the dictates of her own heart.

Consequently, while Stella is travelling on the continent with Canon Ebley and his wife, she meets and is strangely attracted by Count Roumovski, a wealthy Russian nobleman, who assures her that it would be wrong for her to marry a man whom she does not love.

Later, when Eustace Medlicott unexpectedly joins their party in Rome, Stella is not at all pleased to see him and her fiance is at a loss to account for her changed attitude. But he is considerably enlightened when the Count comes to him and asks for Stella's release from her engagement. Eustace is so amazed and angered that he not only refuses to grant the request but obstinately takes refuge in the authority vested in Stella's guardians to compel her to keep her promise to marry him.

Meanwhile, Count Roumovski proceeds to ask Stella's uncle and aunt, formally, for the honor of her hand in marriage. Indignantly spurning the offer, Mrs. Ebley is aghast at the sudden change in Stella's sentiments and in her new found independence. She locks the girl in her room and directs Martha, her confidential maid, to remain on guard and allow her no communication with outsiders. Mrs. Ebley then goes downstairs to consult with her husband.

While she is away, the Count slips a letter to Stella wherein he tells her that he has sent for his sister, the Princess Urazov, who will put up at a near-by hotel. Upon her arrival, Stella is to contrive to meet him at her own front entrance, where he will escort her to his sister, who will aid them in arranging for the speedy marriage they both desire.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued).
Breaking the News.

MEANWHILE Count Roumovski had made all arrangements at the Excelsior Hotel, and after lunch sat quietly in the hall awaiting his beloved. Mrs. Ebley had felt too upset to go down to the restaurant, so the two clergymen were there alone, and glanced wrathfully at the imperturbable face of Count Roumovski seated at his usual table, with his air of detached aloofness and perfect calm. They, on the contrary, were so boiling with rage that they knew not what they ate.

After lunch it had been decided that the party should leave the Grand and take the five o'clock train to Florence, and their preparations were made.

Mrs. Ebley had herself been laboriously packing so as not to take Martha from her post, and orders were whispered to that faithful Abigail through Stella's letter slide to pack Miss Rawson's things at once.

Stella watched these preparations serenely, and gave Martha directions as to what to put on the top. Then when all was finished and she had donned her hat, she rang the electric bell for the waiter, and when he knocked at the door she calmly bade him enter, which, of course, he was able to do with his key, and she told him in French, which Martha did not understand, to send the porters there immediately, and have her luggage consigned to the care of the servant who would be waiting in the passage. This person would give orders for its destination.

The waiter bowed obsequiously. Had he not been already heavily tipped by the intelligent Ivan, and instructed instantly to obey the orders of mademoiselle?

"It is much better I am before them," Stella thought to herself, while Martha looked on in rageful bafflement.

"The porters will come up and take the trunks outside, Martha," Miss Rawson said. "You can give them what orders aunt told you to."

Such was her supreme confidence in the methods of her lover that she felt sure once Ivan was apprised of the fact by the waiter that the trunks would be consigned to him it would not matter what Martha said to the porters! So she calmly sat down by the window and folded her hands, while the elderly maid fumed with the uncertainty of what she ought to do.

In a few moments the men appeared, and smilingly seemed to understand the gestures and English orders of Martha to take the trunks to the door of Madam Ebley, No. 325, round the corner of the passage and on the opposite side.

They nodded their heads wisely and carried the box out, shutting the door after them, and then there was silence for a while, and Stella half dozed in her chair. It was so warm and peaceful by the window and she had had so little sleep in the night.

An hour passed, and at four o'clock the Aunt Caroline appeared. Her face was grim. Had Stella been an outcast in deed and word she could not have looked more disdainful.

"You must come down with me now, Stella," she said, "we are ready to go to the station. I will remain with you here until Martha gets her hat."

Stella rose to her feet and before the astonished lady could speak more, she had swiftly passed her and gained the door, which she threw open, and, like a fawn, rushed down the passage toward the staircase entrance side of the hotel, and by the time her slowly moving aunt had emerged from the room she had turned the corner and was out of sight.

Fortunately, she met no one on the stairs except one astonished page and arrived in the outer corridor breathless with excitement and emotion.

Count Roumovski saw her through the door of the hall and hastened to meet her.

"There is not a moment to be lost," she said, as he got to her side.

"Go to the place you went before under the trees," he whispered hurriedly in return. "The automobile is there, and I will follow presently." So she went.

Her knees would hardly support her, she trembled so, until she was safe in the big blue motor, which moved off at once. For an awful moment a hideous sense of terror overcame her, making her cold. What lay in front of her? What new fate?—and then joy and life come back. She was going to freedom and life—away from Exminster and dreary duties—away from Eustace Medlicott, for ever! For, of course, her uncle and aunt would come round in time, and they could be happy again with her some day.

When Mrs. Ebley had collected her scattered senses and followed down the passage only to find Stella out of sight, she was obliged to retrace her steps and rejoin her husband and Mr. Medlicott, who were awaiting her at the lift on the other side, the restaurant end, which was the one they were accustomed to descend by.

"She ran away from me, Erasmus!" the agitated lady cried, "passed me without a word, and I suppose has gone down the stairs—if we hasten in the lift we shall catch her yet."

But as they frantically rang the bell and the lift boy did not come, Eustace Medlicott, with a most unsaintly exclamation, hastened off by that staircase and arrived in the hall to see the hated Russian calmly smoking his cigarette and reading an English paper.

He advanced upon him regardless of the number of people beginning to assemble for tea.

"What have you done with Miss Rawson?" he asked furiously. "She has this moment run away from her aunt."

"I have nothing to converse with you about," Count Roumovski returned, with mild surprise. "And, as I see it is four o'clock, I must wish you a good-day, as I have an appointment," with which he rose quietly before the other could prevent him, and crossed the broad path of carpet which separates the groups of chairs, and there was seen to enter into earnest conversation with a Russian-looking individual who had just entered.

The Reverend Mr. Medlicott was nonplussed, and hurried into the front vestibule, where he made rapid inquiries of the hall porter.

Yes—the young lady, he believed, had walked out of the hotel not two minutes before. Monsieur would overtake her certainly, if he hastened. And the frantic young man rushed from the door, through the porte-cochere, and so to the street, but all he saw in the far distance was a retreating large, blue automobile—and this conveyed among all the rest of the traffic no impression whatever.

To search for Stella was hopeless; the only thing to do was to return to the Ebleys, and with them go to the Embassy. There they could, perhaps, get advice and learn how to communicate with the police.

But what an ignominious position for a Bishop's junior chaplain to be placed in, a humiliation in every way!

"Before the astonished lady could speak, Stella had swiftly passed her and gained the door, which she threw open and, like a fawn, rushed down the passage toward the entrance side of the hotel."

CHAPTER VII.
For His Very Own.

WHEN Stella found the automobile drawing up at a strange hotel's doors her tremors broke out afresh, until she saw the face of Ivan, who, with the porter, came forward to meet her, saying respectfully in French, would mademoiselle be pleased to mount directly to the rooms reserved for the Princess Urazov? And soon, without any one questioning her, she found herself being taken up in the lift, and finally ushered into a charming sitting-room full of flowers.

Here she sat down and trembled again. The wildest excitement filled her veins. Would Sasha never come! She could not sit still, she walked from bouquet to bouquet of roses and carnations, sniffing the scent, and at last subsided into a big armchair, as the waiters brought in some tea.

He thought of everything for her, then—her lover. But, oh, why did he not come!

She had finished her tea and had begun her restless pacing again, when, with a gentle tap, the door opened and Count Roumovski appeared.

"Sasha!" she cried, and advanced toward him like a frightened child.

His usually calm blue eyes were blazing with some emotion which disturbed her greatly, she knew not why, and his voice seemed to have taken a tone of extra deepness, as he said:

"Stella! My little star! And so you are really here—and my own!"

He put his strong hands down and held on to the back of a chair, and simple as she was she knew very well that otherwise he would have taken her into his arms, which was where she was longing to be, if she had known.

"Yes, I have come," she whispered, "I have left them all—for you. Oh! when will your sister be here?"

"Not until six o'clock, darling," he answered, while his eyes melted upon her with a world full of love. "There is an hour yet to wait. I had hoped you would not have been forced to leave your aunt's care until then."

"Oh! I am delighted to have come away," Stella answered, regaining some of her composure. "I was shut into my room and watched by a servant. It was awful! But—do you know what has happened now? Since I left? Are they tearing about after me, or what?"

Count Roumovski still held on to the back of the chair, and his voice was still deep, as he said:

"I believe they have gone to your Embassy in a band—and much good may they get there. You are of age, you see. Besides, I have taken care that no one at the Grand Hotel knows where we have gone, and it will take them quite an hour or two to telephone about and find out—and by that time my sister will have arrived, and we can defy them."

"Yes," said Stella, and then, nervously, "won't you have some tea?"

He sat down, still constrainedly and clasped his hands, and womanlike, when she saw his agitation, her own loosened, and she assumed command, while she asked almost archly if he took cream and sugar.

He liked neither, he said, and with the air of a little hostess she handed him the cup. Then she smiled softly and stood quite near him.

He drew himself together and his face looked almost stern as he took the tea, and over Stella there crept a chill—and the gay little speech that had been bubbling to her lips died there, and a silence fell upon them for a few moments. Then he put down his cup and crossed to the stiff sofa where she was, and sat down beside her.

"Sweetheart," he said, looking deeply into her eyes, "it is a colossal temptation, you know, to me to make love to you. But I am not going to permit myself happiness yet. I want to tell you all about what we shall do presently, and see if it pleases you."

He did not even take her hand, and Stella felt rather aggrieved and wounded.

"I propose," he went on, "that as soon as the formalities can be got through, and the wedding can take place, that we go straight to Paris—because you will want to get all kinds of clothes. And it will be such a delight to to give you everything you wish for."

Stella smiled shyly. It seemed suddenly to bring the realities of things before her with keen force. He would have the right to give her everything in the world—this man whom she did not really know, but whom she felt she loved very much. She clasped her hands and a thrill ran through her.

What, what did it all mean? The idea of her marriage with Eustace Medlicott had always appeared as an ugly vision, an end to everything, a curtain which was yet drawn over a view which could only be all dusk and gray shadows, and which she would rather not contemplate. But now the thought of going away and beginning a new existence with Sasha Roumovski was something so glorious and delicious that she quivered with joy at any reference to it.

Her little movement and the clasping of her hands affected him profoundly. He, too, quivered, but with the stern effort to control himself. It was part of his code of honor. Not the slightest advantage must be taken of the situation while Stella was alone and unchaperoned, although the very fact of their propinquity and the knowledge of their solitude were extremely exciting to him, who knew the meaning of every emotion. He drew a little away from her, and said in a voice that sounded cold:

"I have seen the Consul this afternoon. It will take three weeks, I am afraid, before we can be legally married here in Rome. It seems an eternity to me."

"Yes," agreed Stella, and suddenly looked down.

She wished intensely that he would caress her a little—although she was unaware of the desire. She wondered vaguely was it then very wicked to make love, since Sasha, too, like Eustace, seemed as if he were resisting something with all his strength? And unconsciously she pouted her red underlip, and Count Roumovski moved convulsively.

"My sister's room is next to this," he said, "and yours is beyond. I have had only roses put there, because you are like a sweet June rose."

"Am I?" said Miss Rawson, and raised her head. She had grown extremely excited and disappointed, and, she knew not what, only that she did not like this new lover of hers to be sitting there constrained and aloof, talking in a stiff voice unlike his usual easy grace. It was perfectly ridiculous to have run away with some one with whom she was passionately in love, if he were going to remain as cold as ice!

She got up and took a rose from a vase and fastened it in her dress. The whole movement and action had the unconscious coquetry of a woman's methods to gain her end. Totally unaccustomed as Stella was to all artifices, instinct was her teacher.

Sasha Roumovski rose suddenly. "Come and sit here beside me again, heart of mine," he commanded with imperious love, and indicated the stiff Louis XIV sofa. "I must explain everything to you, it would seem."

Stella had never heard this tone in his voice before; it caused her strange delight, and she shyly took her seat at one end of the sofa, and then, as he flung himself down beside her, she looked up at him.

"What must you explain?" she asked.

"First, that I love you madly, that it is sickening temptation to be with you now every instant without holding you in my arms," and his voice trembled, while his blue eyes glowed. "That I do not know how to resist the wild passion which is overcoming me. I want to kiss you so terribly, more than I have ever wanted anything in my life."

"We-ll?" said Stella, with a quiver of exquisite joy. "And"——she had almost spoken her thought of, "Why do you not do so, then?"—but the burning passion she read in his made her drop her eyes.

This was too much for him. He understood perfectly, and, with a little cry he drew her to him, and his lips had almost touched her red, young, pouting lips when he suddenly controlled himself and put her from him.

"No, sweetheart," he said hoarsely, "you would never respect me any more if I took advantage of your tenderness now. As soon—as soon as I really may, I will teach you every shade of love and its meanings. I will kiss those lips and unloosen that hair; I will suffocate you with caresses and make you thrill as I shall thrill until both forget everything in the intoxication of bliss," and he half-closed his eyes, and his face grew pale again with suppressed emotion.

"Oh, I do not understand at all," Stella said, in a disappointed and perplexed voice. "Since we are going to be married, why would it be so very wrong for you to kiss me? I—I"——her small rueful face, with its sweet childlike irregular curves, looked almost pathetically comic, and Sasha leaned forward and covered her eyes with his hands. And then he mastered himself and laughed softly.

"Oh, you adored one!" he said. "It is not wrong—not the least wrong. Only presently, when you do understand, you will realize how very much I loved you to-day."

But Stella was still pouting—and got up restlessly and went to the window.

"What can they do when they get to the Embassy?" she asked. "Could they really take me back if they found me by telephoning round?"

"I do not think so—if you are past twenty-one."

"I was twenty-one in April. I am not a bit afraid of them, but I do not want to have any row."

"When my sister has arrived you must write to your aunt, and tell where you are and what are your intentions, then all will be finished."

"Oh, I wish she would come don't you?" Stella said.

"More than I can say, darling," he answered, fervently. "You will not, I hope, find me so incomprehensible then."

He walked about the room once or twice, and at last paused in front of her.

"Stella," he whispered, while his eyes blazed again, "I cannot bear it, little sweetheart, to stay all alone with you here. Will you forgive me, if I leave you until Anastasia has arrived? Go and rest in your room, darling, and I will go to the station to meet her. Ivan will remain outside your door and you will be quite safe."

But Stella put out her hands like a frightened baby.

"Oh, must you leave me?" she cried, pettishly. "You are very cruel! You make me almost wish I had not come."

From having swum with love and passion his eyes suddenly gave

Continued on Next Page.

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The Story of the Engaged Girl Who Fell in Love with Another Man

Continued from Preceding Page.

forth a flash of steel, and his voice was like ice as he answered:

"If that is so, mademoiselle, it is not too late. I would not exact any unwilling sacrifice. Shall I take you back again?"

And then Stella's childishness melted and fell from her, and she became a real woman as she looked into his stern face.

"No"—— she said, "I will not go back. I am sorry I was so uncontrolled, but I am nervous—and I do not know exactly what I am—Sasha, please take care of me," and she held out her hands with a piteous gesture of asking for his protection, and moved beyond all power of further control he folded her in his arms.

"My darling, my darling!" he murmured, frantically kissing her hair. But his iron will reasserted itself in a few seconds, and while he still held her he said with more calm:

"Little star, you must never speak to me like that again, as you did just now, I mean. It was unreasonable and not kind, if you but knew!' And I have a very arrogant temper, I fear, although I am nearly master of it, and shall be quite in time, I hope. We might have parted then and spoilt both our lives. Won't you believe me that I love—I adore you!" he went on tenderly. "I am madly longing to be for you the most devoted lover a woman ever had. It is only for your sake and for honor and our future happiness that, I restrain myself now. You see I am not an Englishman who can accept half-measures. Do not make it impossible for me, sweet love!"

His voice was almost a sob in its deep notes of pleading, and Stella was touched.

"Oh! you are so dear and great," she answered fondly. "I am perhaps very wicked to have tempted you. If it would be wrong for you to kiss me, which I cannot understand, it is—oh, it is because I love you like that, too!"

At this ingenuous admission he held her so tightly it seemed as if he must crush out her very breath. Then he put her from him and walked toward the door.

"I dare not stay another second," he said, in a strangled voice "Ivan will guard your room, and my sister will come to you soon. Do as I tell you, beloved one, and then all will be well."

With which he opened the door, and left her standing by the sofa quivering with joy and perplexity—and some other wild emotion of which she had not dreamed.

CHAPTER VIII.
A Thrilling Ride.

It seemed an endless time the hour that she waited in her room, and then a knock came to the door, and Ivan's voice saying his master desired her presence in the sitting-room at once, and she hurriedly went there to find Count Roumovski standing by the mantelpiece looking very grave.

"Stella," he said, "there has been an accident to the train my sister was to have arrived by—it is not serious, but she cannot be here now until the early morning perhaps—unless I send the automobile to Viterbo for her. The line is blocked by a broken-down goods train which caused the disaster," he paused a moment, and Stella said, "Well?" rather anxiously.

"It will be impossible for us to remain here," he continued, "because it may be that your relations, aided by the Embassy, will have traced us before then, and if they should come upon us alone together, nothing that I could say or prove could keep the situation from looking compromising." He now spoke with his old calm, and Stella felt her confidence reviving. He would certainly arrange what was best for them, she could rely upon that.

"What must we do then?" she asked gently, while she put her head on the sleeve of his coat.

"I will wrap you up in the fur cloak, darling," he said, "and you must come in the automobile with me to meet Anastasia. Your family must not find you again until you are in my sister's company. We ought to start at once."

It spoke eloquently for the impression which he had been able to create in Stella's imagination of his integrity and reliability, for the thought never entered her brain that it was a most unusual and even hazardous undertaking to start out into the night in a foreign land with a stranger she had not yet known for a week. But that was the remarkable thing about his personality; it conveyed always an atmosphere of trust and confidence.

It was not long before Miss Rawson was ready, wrapped in the long gray cloak she had worn before, and with the veil tied over her hat, and was descending in the lift alone with Ivan—her lover having gone on by the stairs.

Their departure was managed with intelligence. Stella and the servant simply walking out of the hotel and down the street to where the car waited, and then presently Count Roumovski joined them, and they started.

"Ivan will remain behind to answer any questions if the reverend clergyman and your aunt do come," he said, when they were seated in the car in the setting sunlight. "And now, sweetheart, we can enjoy our drive."

"The drive was a time of pure enchantment to them both. Count Roumovski very often surreptitiously kissed her little ear and that delicious little dimple on the side of her cheek."

Stella felt deliciously excited, all the exultation of adventure thrilling her, and the joy of her lover's presence. She cared not where they were going, it was all heaven.

"We shall stop at a little restaurant for some dinner," he said, "it will be rather bad, but we must not mind, it would not have been wise to risk any well-known place," and soon they drew up at a small cafe on the outskirts of Rome, where there were a few people already seated at little tables under the trees. They were all Italians, and took no notice of the Russian and his lady.

It was the greatest amusement to them both, this primitive place, and to be all alone ordering their first meal together, and Sasha Roumovski exerted himself to charm and please her. He had recovered complete mastery of himself, it would seem, and his manner, while tenderly devoted, had an air of proprietorship which affected Stella exceedingly.

They spent an enchanting half hour, as gay as two children, with all the exquisite under-current of love in their talk; and then they got into the motor again.

"Let us have it open," Count Roumovski said. "The evening drive will be divine."

And Stella agreed.

The road to Viterbo is far from good, one of those splendid routes which lead from Rome which ought to be so perfect, and in reality are a mass of ruts and pitfalls for the unwary. The jolting of the car constantly threw Stella almost into her lover's arms, who was sitting as aloof as possible. He had gradually become nearly silent, and sat there holding her hand under the rug, using the whole of his strong will to suppress his rising emotion.

The beautiful colors of the lights of evening over the Campagna; the sense of the Springtime and the knowledge that she belonged to him heart and body and soul were madly intoxicating as they rushed through the air. He dared not let himself caress her greatly, which he might have permitted himself to do, and he held her little hand so tightly it was almost pain to her.

As for Stella, she was profoundly in love. Her whole nature seemed to be awaking and blooming with a new grace and meaning. Her soft eyes, which glanced at him in the glowing dusk, swam with tenderness and unconscious passion, and once she let her head rest upon his shoulder, when a violent jerk threw her toward him, and at last he encircled her with his arm and there they sat trembling together, she with she knew not what, and he very well knowing, and fighting with temptation.

Thus they spent an hour in a bliss that was growing to agony for him, and then it grew perfectly dark, and the stars came out in myriads in the deep blue sky, and on in front of them the headlights of the motor made a flaming path in the night.

And all this while he had resisted his strong desires and never even kissed her.

At last human endurance came to an end, and he said to her almost fiercely:

"Stella, my beloved one, I cannot bear this. I can no longer answer for myself. I shall settle you comfortably among the furs where you must try to sleep, and I shall go outside with the chauffeur. If I were to stay"——

And something in the tone of his voice and in his eyes made her at last have some dim, incomprehensible fear, and get exaltation, and so she did not try to dissuade him, and soon was alone endeavoring to collect her thoughts and understand the situation.

Thus eventually they reached Viterbo, and drew up at the station door, when Count Roumovski seemed to have regained his usual calm as he helped her out with tender solicitude. The passengers, they learned, were still in the train, half a mile up the line, waiting until it was cleared to go on to Rome.

At last, after generous greasing of palms, permission was given for Count Roumovski to walk on and find his sister. And Stella was put back into the motor to await their coming.

Her heart began to beat violently. What would she be like, this future sister-in-law? She must be very fond of Sasha to have come from Paris at a moment's notice like this, to do his bidding. It seemed a long time before she heard voices, and saw in the dim light two figures advancing from the station entrance, and then Count Roumovski opened the door of the automobile, and Stella started forward to get out.

"Anastasia, this is my Stella," he said, in his deep voice. "You cannot see her plainly, but I tell you she is the sweetest little lady in the world, and you are to hasten to love each other as much as I love you both."

Then in the half dark Stella stepped down and found herself embraced by a tall woman, while a voice as deep for a feminine one as Count Roumovski's was for a man whispered kind, nice things in the fluent English which brother and sister both used. And a feeling of warmth and security and happiness came over the poor child, to be in a haven of rest at last.

"Now we shall all pack in and get to Rome before dawn," the princess said. "Sasha assures me the automobile will be faster than the train."

So it was arranged, and, with Stella between them, the two Russians sat in the commodious back seat, and this time Count Roumovski allowed himself to encircle his beloved with his arm—and very often surreptitiously kissed her little ear and that delicious little dimple on the side of her cheek. She had taken off her hat, that its brim might not annoy the princess, and had only the soft veil wound round her head, which loosened itself conveniently. This drive back to Rome was a time of pure enchantment to them both. And when the first streaks of dawn were defining the sky they arrived at the door of the Excelsior Hotel, where Ivan had supper ordered and awaiting them.

The princess proved to be a handsome woman when they got into the light, with the same short face and wide eyes as her brother. Stella and she made immediate friends, and before they parted to try to sleep the princess said:

"Stella, that my brother loves you proves that you must be a very dear girl, that is what made me come from Paris at his instantaneous bidding. He is the most splendid character in the world, only don't cross his wishes. You will find it is no use, for one thing," and she laughed her deep laugh. "He always knows best."

"I am sure he does," said Stella shyly. "I felt that at once, and so I did not hesitate."

Next morning, when the three were seated at a merry early breakfast in the sitting-room discussing what should be said in Stella's letter to her Aunt Caroline, a loud knock came to the door, and, without waiting for a response, Canon Ebley and Stella's cousin, Mr. Deanwood, entered the room.

The princess rose with dignity, draping her silk morning wrapper round her like a statue, and Stella stepped forward with outstretched hand.

"Oh, Uncle Erasmus," she said gaily, before any of the party could speak, "I am so glad to see you. I was just going to write to Aunt Caroline to tell her where I am, quite safe, in case she was worried about me. Let me introduce you to my future sister-in-law, Princess Urazov, with whom I am staying. My fiance, Count Roumovski, you have met before."

Afterward she often wondered how this emancipated spirit of daring had ever come to her. But she felt so joyous, so full of love and happiness, that it seemed that she could not be afraid or annoyed with any one in the world.

"Stella, you are a shameless girl," Canon Ebley retorted in a horrified voice. "I refuse to admit that you are engaged to this gentleman. Your whole conduct has been a scandalous series of deceptions and you must be ready to return at once with your aunt and your affianced husband. They are following us here now."

Then Stella used a weapon that known Count Roumovski since the day after we came to Rome, and—and—I love him very much, and you know I always thought Eustace a bore, and you must agree it is wicked to marry and not to love, so it must be good to, oh!—well, to marry the person you do love. What have you to say against it?"

Canon Ebley tried to unclasp her arms from round his neck. He was terribly upset. To be sure, the girl was very dear to him, and had always been so sweet a niece, a truthful, obedient child from early infancy. Caroline had perhaps been a little hard—he had better hear the facts.

"Dear me, dear me," he blurted out. "Well, well, tell me everything about the case, and, though I cannot consent to anything, I must do you the justice of hearing your side."

"Won't you sit down here, sir?" Princess Urazov said, "and let my brother and your niece tell you their story. Mr. Deanwood, we met at Buda-Pesth two years ago"—and she turned to the young man and indicated that he should join her in the far window embrasure, which he did with alacrity, and from there they heard, interpolated in their personal conversation, scraps of the arguments going on between the three.

Stella, assisted by her lover, told of her first talk and her drive, and their rapidly ripening affection for each other, and the girl looked so happy and so pleading. Then Count Roumovski took up the thread. He explained his position, and how his view of life had always been direct in its endeavor to see the truth and the meaning of things, and how to him love was the only possible reason in ethical morality for any marriage between two people.

"It is merely a great degradation, otherwise, sir," he said earnestly.

But here Canon Ebley was heard to protest that he could not understand a love which had sprung into being with such violence in the space of three days, and he felt very suspicious of its durability.

"Oh, Uncle Erasmus, how can you say that!" Stella interrupted him. "Why, you have often said that you yourself fell in love with Aunt Caroline from the moment your eye lighted upon her in church—in church, remember, you old darling!" and she nestled up against his shoulder again. Caresses like these she was always obliged to suppress in her austere aunt's presence; they were only to be indulged in upon great occasions, and to gain an important end, she knew! So the rogue smiled archly as she went on. "You could hardly wait until you were introduced at the garden party next day, and Aunt Caroline said you proposed to her before the end of the week!"

"Come, come," the cornered uncle growled, bridling, but a smile grew in his kindly eyes.

"There!" exclaimed Miss Rawson, triumphantly. "You cannot have another thing to say, except that you consent and wish us happiness."

"It is true you are of age, Stella," Canon Ebley allowed, "and if you like to take the law into your own hands, you can do so, but I—for your happiness, my dear child!"

"You do not pay me a high compliment, sir," Count Roumovski said, but without resentment. "Time, however, will prove whether I can take care of your niece or no. Do you feel any fear for yourself, Stella?"

"Not in the least," Miss Rawson said, and they clasped fond hands. "I would go away with you, Sasha, to the ends of the earth now at once, and never ask you a single question. And I should certainly die if I were forced to go back to Eustace Medlicott."

"Then I suppose there is nothing more to be said," Canon Ebley stammered, upon which Stella again flung herself into his arms.

At this instant the door was opened violently, and the Aunt Caroline followed by the Reverend Eustace Medlicott burst into the room. Stella rushed forward and affectionally kissed her aunt.

"Dear Aunt Caroline," she said, "Uncle Erasmus understands quite, and has given us his blessing, so won't you, too?"

But Mrs. Ebley was made of sterner stuff—she was horribly shocked, her feelings had been bruised in their tenderest parts, the laws of convention had been ruthlessly broken by her niece, and forgiveness was not for her.

She drew herself up with dignified hauteur, while the Rev. Mr Medlicott stood there glaring at the party too speechless with humiliation and pain to utter a word.

"Erasmus," Mrs. Ebley said with scathing contempt. "I do not know how you have let yourself countenance this disgraceful scene, but I shall not do so. And if my niece still persists in bringing shame upon us all I must beg you to conduct me back to our hotel—I wash my hands of her and shall no longer own her as my sister's child, come."

At this, Stella gave a pitiful little cry and turned tender, beseeching eyes to her lover, and the sound of her voice touched that chord which was fine in Eustace Medlicott's heart. He seemed suddenly to see things as they were, and to realize that love had indeed come to his betrothed, though not for him, so he rose above the pain this conviction caused him and let justice have sway.

He strode forward and joined the group.

"You must not say that, Mrs. Ebley," he said, "since your husband seems satisfied, there must have been some proper explanation made. You should hear them first. But I, for my part, wish to state now, in the presence of every one, that if Miss Rawson can assure me she has made this choice of her own free will, and because she loves this gentleman"—here there was a break in the tones—"I can have nothing further to say and will give her back her freedom and make my retreat."

"Oh, Eustace, thank you," said Stella, gratefully holding out her hand. "I knew I could eventually count upon your goodness."

She still held out her timid hand, and Mr. Medlicott took it at last and wringing it silently turned and went toward the door, making his exit swiftly.

Silence fell upon the company until he had gone and then Count Roumovski whispered in his betrothed fiancee's ear:

"Never mind his point of view, darling—yonder goes an English gentleman, and since I have gained my star and he has lost his, he has my deepest sympathy."

Then every one seemed to talk at once, and the Princess Urazov at last appeared to be in some degree appeasing Mrs. Ebley.

There is very little more to tell of this comedy of a Spring holiday in Rome. It ended with a quiet wedding and two young people going off together in the blue automobile.

And when Count Roumovski clasped his newly made bride in his arms, he whispered with a tenderly sweet smile:

"At last, sweetheart, there are no barriers, and I am free to love you as no woman was ever loved before!"

THE END.

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THE RED LADY

A Fascinating Tale of Love, Mystery and Hidden Treasure

By Katherine Newlin Burt.

Chapter I. How I Came to the Pines.
Chapter II. Something in the House.
Chapter III. Mary.
Chapter IV. Paul Dabney.
Chapter V. "Not in the Daytime, Madame."
Chapter VI. A Strand of Red Gold Hair.
Chapter VII. The Russian Book-Shelves.
Chapter VIII. A Dangerous Game.
Chapter IX. Maida.
Chapter X. The Swamp.
Chapter XI. The Spider.
Chapter XII. Not Reg'lar.
Chapter XIII. The Spider Bites.
Chapter XIV. My First Move.
Chapter XV. The Secret of the Kitchen Closet.
Chapter XVI. The Witch of the Wall.
Chapter XVII. The Second Candle.
Chapter XVIII. The Last Victim.
Chapter XIX. Skanc's Cleverest Man.

A Serial No Lover of Good Stories Can Afford to Miss Reading

Health, Beauty And The Home

Right Care for Woolens

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

NOT only has the price of food soared tremendously since the war, but textiles and clothing have increased in cost from 15 to 40 per cent. The great demand for cotton and wool for war needs has lessened the supply for civilian use. Any purchaser of woolens will be amazed at their price, and so it behooves the woman in the home to take good care of wool garments not only to prove her patriotism, but also to save her pocketbook.

Wool is an animal fibre and is, therefore, sensitive to temperature, chemicals and friction. Viewed under a microscope each fibre is seen to consist of small, overlapping seams. Now, any treatment which twists, shortens or coarsens these fibres naturally affects the garment of which they are a part. It is, therefore, most important to know how to wash and care for woolen articles, so that the fibres will shrink as little as possible and stay soft, thus making the garment give more comfortable, longer service.

Winter underwear, sweaters, baby coats, caps, leggings, flannels, etc., are either nearly all wool or mixtures in which wool plays a large part. Every one knows that most washed woolens very rapidly become harsh, losing their nap and softness. However, it is not necessary that this occur, for woolens may be washed carefully and remain like new for a long time. In general the following rules will be of great value:

Don't use cold water or water of varying temperatures. Both wash and rinse in water of about 110 degrees or a little hotter than tepid.

Don't rub soap directly on the article, but use a soap solution made by boiling shaved soap into a jelly.

Don't rub or twist hard, as this knots the fibres and coarsens them.

Don't use a soap containing alkali. Use only a mild white soap and soften the water with a small quantity of borax.

Don't take too long to do the work. The quicker woolen articles are washed and dried the better.

Baby clothing is largely flannel, and any woman can keep it soft and pretty by following the above rules. Place a quantity of the soap jelly in the warm water, dip in the garment, then "pounce" or "souse" it up and down, using the tips of the fingers until it is clean. Rinse immediately in equally hot or even warmer water and hang up quickly.

In the hanging stretch the garment to the natural shape and pin carefully. It it is underwear or a similar garment which is likely to stretch too much to the length pin it horizontally, which will thus increase the width. Into whatever form the garment is stretched while wet it will naturally dry. A great deal of shrinkage of wool clothing is due to faulty stretching rather than anything else.

To wash successfully a sweater, child's coat, leggings or shaped articles, do not rub in parts or little by little, but try and keep the entire garment together, so that the weight of one part does not drag, and thus pull it out of shape. Do not wring, even with the hand. Squeeze as much water as possible out by pressing on a board, and keep the whole article in a heap.

Cover the kitchen table with a light pad fastened on with thumb tacks. On this lay the partly dry garment. Take great care to keep the bottom edge straight and lay the corners square. Be sure that the sleeves are stretched to the correct length. Place the flaps of the pockets straight and so that they do not sag. Then, with large-headed pins, pin the entire garment onto the pad and allow to dry. If the day is sunny and warm it may be dried outside, but generally near a radiator or stove where the drying can be done slowly and evenly is preferable. On no account should such shaped articles ever be hung up to dry, as this stretches them badly.

When the article is dry it may be brushed over with a clean whisk broom or bat brush to raise the nap and make it appear fluffy again. This is particularly true of long-haired coats and leggings for children. Some articles of wool, as a blanket or heavier quilt, can even be whipped with a beater for the purpose of making them fluffy. In some cases, also, a woolen garment may be passed over lightly with a warm iron, without any pressure, merely to prevent it from looking so rough. In general, however, woolens should never be really ironed, merely pressed, as even low heat scorches wool fibres quickly.

Children's caps or any rounded article should be stuffed with clean cloths while drying to retain the shape. In every case it is the hand-shaping of woolens as well as the hand-washing that makes for perfect appearance, as thus far no machine washes woolens successfully, and it is the finger manipulation and deftness which gives good results.

To make an excellent washing solution shave a small cake of white soap, dissolve in water and heat at a low temperature. Then add 1/2 cup borax. Use small quantity in warm wash water.

Another good solution calls for a large cake of white soap, four quarts of water, two tablespoonfuls of borax and a cupful of wood alcohol. Cut the soap into small pieces and heat in the water until dissolved, then add alcohol and borax. This is excellent for blankets, sweaters and soiled outer articles of every kind. Clothing should be rinsed well after washing in this.

Although most woolens can be cleaned in water and still look shapely and soft, it is sometimes advantageous to use a dry method, particularly with fine children's caps and materials like albatross, challis and such extremely fine woolens of a delicate color. Of course, all dry cleaning with gasoline or benzine must be done in the open air and absolutely removed from any flame or source of heat, or there will be danger from an explosion.

Benzine is preferable to gasoline. It should be filtered first through chamois or flannel to remove moisture and sediment or it will not give good results. Use it just like water and rinse in clean benzine. Use a brush such as a small, soft nail brush on very soiled parts. If there are spots of grease these should be removed carefully first. Apply water and white soap to food spots, as even benzine will not remove these.

Another method of dry cleaning is with powdered magnesium with enough benzine to make a soft mass. Spread quickly over any spot and rub well. Leave a short while and then brush off and air.

It need hardly be mentioned that good mending lays a foundation for a clean garment. It is especially necessary to mend wool before washing, otherwise the fibres will wear apart by the friction. Underwear and other garments may be neatly darned or patched with soft-finished cotton or special worsted mending wool. It is surprising how an old sweater may be first darned, then washed and shaped into a good appearance again. Indeed, care of woolens will well repay, because, unlike cotton, wool does not tear readily, does not stain so badly, and if given good treatment will wear until it almost disappears into a thin web.

When the price of woolen articles is high the woman in the home or the business woman should learn to make her supply last longer by proper care. It is quite possible that by mending and washing efficiently the five-dollar suit of underwear she can make it last longer than the two suits for which she formerly paid half as much, but which she allowed to shrink, get hard, and which she threw away before they had given her maximum usage.

"The most winsome smile would lose half its charm did not the parted lips reveal the pearly surfaces of well-kept teeth."
Photograph Posed by MISS MARION DAVIES at CAMPBELL STUDIO

A Well-Kept Mouth

By Lina Cavalieri,

The Most Famous Living Beauty.

THERE are at least fifteen different kinds of germs in the mouth, among which are the pus germs or staphylococci and streptococci, the bacteria of tuberculosis, and other organisms which need only a small abrasion or cut in the gums to force their way into the scarlet stream and set up infections there.

It is because of the presence of these bacteria that it is absolutely essential to keep the mouth clean. The film of tartar on the teeth should especially be removed not only because of its unpleasant appearance but because it contains many germs, produces heat and prevents the air from free access to the gums just adjoining the teeth.

This green film upon the surface of the teeth should be removed daily by the tooth-brush, using, if necessary, bicarbonate of soda or baking powder. About once in six months the dentist's brush should administer a thorough cleaning to the teeth.

The tooth-brush, aided by a proper cleansing agent and an occasional visit to the dentist prevent such occurrences as inflamed gums. The alkali in the form of baking powder or bicarbonate of soda not only cleanses the teeth, but also neutralizes much of the acid in the mouth and destroys the work of the bacteria which have produced it. The dentist will remove whatever tartar the toothbrush could not reach, and thus do away with a nest of bacteria on gums and teeth.

With such constant preventive care there need not occur gum inflammations and pus formations and abscesses, and if other forced means of injuring the gums are not employed, there is no need to worry about losing the teeth—the Dresden china of the mouth and the stalwart defenders of the stomach against "indigestion"—at an early age.

Such nuisances as toothpicks should be kept far away from the gums, for as these are permitted to dig in they form grooves in the gums, and create crevices between the teeth, which afterward become difficult to reach and to cleanse. Tiny particles of food then get into these crevices, the bacteria start operation upon them, acid formation begins and the beginning of pus formation and gum inflammation is on its way to counterbalance whatever nuisance was prevented by the tooth-brush, alkaline and dentist.

Just as toothpicks should be avoided, so should be shunned the hard tooth-brush. This scratches the gums and makes them sore and causes them to bleed, and also scrubs the enamel instead of the dirt off the teeth, and thus helps to expose the softer, softer, part of the teeth known as dentine. The rapid wear and tear of the pearly construction then begins, and its rapid degeneration dates from that time.

No less an evil than toothpicks and hard toothbrushes is the indulgence in very hot soup, tea or coffee. These serve to make the gums sore and to burn and inflame them. They should be moderated in temperature as the brush should be softened in hot water, and a silk thread substituted for the toothpick.

It is not the gums alone which suffer from frequent lack of these preventive measures, but also other parts of the mechanism because of the general lowered resistance of the tissues due to gum inflammation. Such ailments as Bright's disease, tuberculosis, diabetes and an appearance and feeling of old age often result from the absorption into the scarlet stream of pus germs and other bacteria which find a haven in a mouth filled with dirty, decaying teeth.

If the teeth, moreover, are not kept clean, there appears, in time, an unnatural redness, softness, spongy look of the gums and swelling and pain are present. Pus most frequently forms in such gums, and sometimes it can be squeezed out from the tiny pockets at the edge of the tooth, closed by a tiny whitish bead on the gum rear it. When this happens Riggs' disease is most likely to be present.

If Riggs' disease is allowed to progress the inflammation extends downward, along the membrane and hard covering or cement which covers the roots of the teeth. At this stage of the development of the disease, the gums recede, the roots of the teeth become exposed and the teeth ultimately loosen and drop out.

Although Riggs' disease may also be due to accident—fevers or special unlooked-for-affections—it is most frequently due to slow deterioration of the health of the gums.

The gums, it is true, most frequently lose their strength and become feeble from lack of care, but sometimes a poor dentist does much to bring about Riggs' disease. Ill-fitting crowns and bridges are a great menace to the gums and often result in the formation of pus, as do stumps of teeth and half-decayed roots which are attempted to be saved by crowning or are permitted to remain in the mouth.

An unsound crowned tooth is always in danger of encouraging the formation of pus, and should therefore be guarded by means of the X-ray. This modern saver of health and disease-detector points out the exact condition which the invisible part of the tooth—below the gums—happens to be. Teeth in which the nerves have been killed, whether crowned or not, should similarly be treated by the X-ray for possible discovery of pus formation at the edge of the root.

While this pus forms the tooth does not necessarily ache, and some times years pass by before any definite result is noticed. By that time enough pus has probably been absorbed by the scarlet stream to produce a general breakdown in health. It is for this reason that such teeth should regularly come under the penetrating X-ray, so that if they develop any pus at their roots they might at once be removed and the sockets thoroughly cleansed.

Tested Cooking Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann.

Principal, Scudder School of Household Arts.

Cornmeal Shortcake.

PREPARE recipe for cornmeal rolls, adding 2 tablespoons sugar. Bake in biscuits or in a sheet. To 2 cups of strawberries add 1/4 cup sugar and set aside for 1/2 hour in a warm place. Crush slightly. Split shortcake, spread with butter, fill with strawberry mixture, cover top with berries and serve with cream, plain or whipped, or mock cream.

Rice Waffles.

MIX and sift 1 3/4 cups flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Work in 2-3 cup cold cooked rice with tips of fingers, add 1 1/2 cups milk and 2 well-beaten egg yolk. Then add 1 tablespoon melted butterine and the stiffly beaten white of 1 egg. Cook as plain waffles.

Brandied Peaches.

REMOVE the skins from 1 peck of sound peaches and arrange in alternate layers with half their weight of sugar in a stone or earthen crock. Then pour over them 1 quart choice brandy, cover closely and store in a cool, dark place.

Conservation Waffles.

COOK rice until very tender and pasty. Cool and to 1 cup of the cold rice add 2 well-beaten egg yolks and 1 cup of milk. Mix and sift 1/4 cup rye flour, 1 teaspoon salt and 2 teaspoons baking powder. Add to first mixture and mix well. Add 1 teaspoon melted fat and fold in stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Pour into hot greased waffle irons and cook as usual.

Cornmeal Waffles.

COOK 1/2 cup cornmeal in 1 1/2 cups boiling water about 20 minutes. Add 1 1/2 cups milk and mix well. Mix and sift 2 cups flour, 2 tablespoon sugar, 1 1/4 tablespoons baking powder and 1 1/2 teaspoons salt and add to first mixture. Then add the well-beaten yolks of 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons of melted butterine and beat thoroughly. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs and cook as usual.

Canned Red Peppers.

WASH 1/2 peck of sound red peppers, remove stem ends and seed; then cut in shreds. Cover with boiling water, let stand 2 or 3 minutes, drain and plunge again into ice water. Let stand 10 minutes, drain and pack solidly into small jars. Boil 1 pint of vinegar and 1 cup of sugar about 10 minutes. Pour over peppers to overflow jars, cover and keep in a cold place.

Preserved Peaches.

WASH and cut peaches in halves and remove skins. Use equal weights of sugar and peaches. Cook 1/4 the sugar with twice the measure of boiling water 5 minutes after the boiling point is reached. Set aside, skim, and in this syrup cook the peaches—a few pieces at a time—until all are thoroughly cooked. When all are cooked add the rest of the sugar to the syrup, let boil 3 or 4 minutes and settle. Skim, and if thick use to reheat the peaches before storing in glass jars. If the syrup is too thin, boil it until it thickens. Then in it reheat the fruit, fill jars to overflowing and seal as usual.

"War Time" Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Stewed Fruit, Hulled Corn, Maple Syrup, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Oatmeal, Baked Apples, Rice Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Prunes, Barley Mush, Scrambled Eggs, Potato Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Stewed Pears, Barley Baking Powder Biscuits, Toast, Cocoa.	*Breakfast* Sliced Fruit, Cereals, Potato Omelet, Toast, Coffee	*Breakfast* Oatmeal with Raisins, Broiled Bacon, Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Prunes Stewed with Lemon, Steamed Rice, Corn Muffins, Coffee,
Luncheon Cream of Tomato Soup, Conservation Bread Toasted with Cheese, Baked Indian Pudding.	*Luncheon* Potato Puree, Barley Bread Sticks, Sour Milk Gingerbread, Tea.	*Luncheon* Sweet Corn Custard, Spiced Pears, Cookies, Tea.	*Luncheon* Tomato Rarebit on Toast, Green Pea Salad, French Dressing, Potato Rolls, Fruit, Tea.	*Luncheon* Spinach Souffle, Border of Spinach Puree, Muffins, Maple Cakes, Tea.	*Luncheon* Pear and Cottage Cheese Salad, Hot Tea Biscuits, Spice Cup Cakes, Cocoa.	*Dinner* Canadian of Beef, Mashed Potatoes, Brown Gravy, Asparagus Salad, Canned Peach Shortcake, Conservation Custard Sauce, Coffee.
Dinner Chicken Loaf, Bechamel Sauce, Green Peas, Boiled Potatoes, Combination Salad, Prune Jelly.	*Dinner* Boston Roast, Tomato Sauce, Baked Potatoes, Lettuce Salad, Grecian Rice Pudding with Raisins, Coffee.	*Dinner* Hash in Casserole (with Potatoes and Onions), Tomatoes, Sour Milk Corn Bread, Apple Tapioca, Coffee.	*Dinner* Boiled Fish, Parsley Potatoes, Egg Sauce, Tomato Salad, Sliced Beets, Prune Bavarian Cream, Coffee.	*Dinner* Chowder, Toasted Muffins, Beet Salad, Toasted Potato Muffins, Deep Apple Pie, Coffee.	*Dinner* Boston Baked Beans, Steamed Brown Bread, Green Peas, Sweet Pickles, Baked Indian Pudding,	*Supper* Toasted Sandwiches, Apple Sauce, Cocoa.

CAN you tell me how a "flower vinegar" is made? I have heard that it is extremely calming and invigorating for a person afflicted with "nerves."—J. F. M.

There are many flower vinegars that are cherished by old fashioned people as being a most agreeable skin tonic. A vinegar of any favorite odor is made by marinating from three to four ounces of the fresh flowers in one pint of a good white vinegar. Allow this to stand for a week, agitating several times daily to prevent fermentation, then strain through a thin cloth. If the odor is not strong enough add more fresh flowers until the vinegar is sufficiently aromatic for your taste.

Beauty Questions Answered

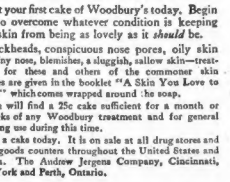
CAN you tell me what is meant by a "camphorated bath" and how it is prepared? —A. I.

A camphorated bath is taken for its tonic and refreshing properties and includes the addition of a bit of camphor to secure this result. A good way to prepare it is by dropping slowly into a tub of warm water enough of the following lotion to make the water milky and pleasingly odorous:

Tincture of camphor	1 ounce
Tincture of benzoin	1/2 ounce
Rosewater	2 ounces

"My skin is so tender"

The new treatment for tender skins



Is your skin so tender that the least exposure to the weather makes it smart and burn—so tender that it is often painful even to wash?

Some people, with delicate, tender skins have been misled by the superstition that washing the face with soap is bad for the complexion. Dr. Pusey, the famous skin specialist, in his book on the care of skin, says: "The layer of dirt and fat that such persons accumulate on the skin is a constant invitation to various disorders."

The following Woodbury treatment is just what a sensitive skin needs to keep it active and resistant.

Dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to the face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft, white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Then rinse the face with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

Make this treatment a nightly habit. See what a difference it will make in your skin in even ten days—a promise of that loveliness which the regular use of Woodbury's brings to a tender, sensitive skin.

Begin tonight to have a lovelier skin

Get your first cake of Woodbury's today. Begin now to overcome whatever condition is keeping your skin from being as lovely as it *should* be.

Blackheads, conspicuous nose pores, oily skin and shiny nose, blemishes, a sluggish, sallow skin—treatments for these and others of the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch" which comes wrapped around the soap.

You will find a 25c cake sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury treatment and for general cleansing use during this time.

Get a cake today. It is on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. The Andrew Jergens Company, Cincinnati, New York and Perth, Ontario.

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Premier Clemenceau, Most Amazing of Men

An Absorbing Character Study of the Great French Statesman by Charles Edward Russell in HEARST'S MAGAZINE for November

Photo by Brown Brothers.

"Just been heading some Inter-Allied Council, perhaps—here is the fascinating human study of this age—Clemenceau." *(From HEARST'S MAGAZINE for November.)*

THIS morning we read in the press dispatches a three-line announcement that Premier Clemenceau visited the Arras front yesterday and was loudly cheered by the soldiers.

Three days later we read that Premier Clemenceau visited the American sector at the front yesterday and was loudly cheered by the soldiers.

In between we have probably read, in the curtest of items, that Premier Clemenceau has been talking to the King of the Belgians, consulting with General Diaz of Italy, visiting a Parisian quarter where the abominable Gothas have been at their work of murder, delivering a ringing speech in the Chamber of Deputies, heading some Interallied Council, inspecting some remote factory, or shooting back from a corner of France to hurl it the head of the Boche some new, lightning-heeled and withering defiance.

Who is this person that goes about incessantly, bounding from point to point like something without nerves or the capacity for weariness, shouting encouragement to battling troops, giving heart to the fainting, strength to the weak, smiting the enemy, devising new plans for his undoing, foreseeing success, retrieving disaster, and apparently neither sleeping nor resting?

Georges Benjamin Clemenceau, aged only seventy-seven, if you please; the youngest man in France and the most amazing, breath-taking and inspiring figure the war has produced.

"Age is unnecessary." Well, it certainly is if this whirring human dynamo is any indication. It must be true that there is no solace in growing old, for he doesn't. He thinks young, believes young, lives young, and—look at him attentively if you are sceptic—by the burning soul within him, he is young!

Prime Minister of France, President of the Council, Minister of War, Senator, the busiest man in the republic, carrying a load of responsibilities appalling to think of, forcing his own ideas on the reluctant or the hostile and standing the consequences, assailed by enemies at home as well as abroad, walking among the intorted pitfalls of French politics, always in peril of his life from the hired assassins of Germany, which hates him beyond any other living creature, fighting, slugging, slamming and countering, hitting and banging, outbatting and outfencing every inch of his way, but going on, always going on—Georges Benjamin Clemenceau, aged in years seventy-seven and in heart seventeen. Grim, bulldog-like, flint-faced, with jaws clenched, lips set, hands steady, keen, watchful, intellectual, the very incarnation of the great soul of France at bay—Georges Benjamin Clemenceau, doctor of medicine, ex-school teacher, litterateur, critic, playwright, the colossus and master mind of Europe!

Why bother about fiction when here is a figure ready made in real life so far beyond anything that ever moved on the stage imaginary? Former village boy of La Vendee, former humble student at a provincial Ecole de Medicin, former school teacher, former obscure physician practising for little or nothing among the people of poverty-stricken Montmartre, fighting for fifty years without breathing space through the most stirring dramas of all time, tense and momentous, breathless scene after breathless scene, up to this unequaled climax, Premier, President of the Council, the life of France laid in his hands, the eyes of the world upon him, the undaunted gladiator, looking coolly upon the foe he intends to disembowel, undergoing these unimaginable strains and making from time to time those terrifying jaunts among the bursting shells—at seventy-seven!

We have had in this world statesmen like Disraeli and Gladstone, Thiers and Palmerston, John Russell and Gambetta, whose mature successes were merely the fulfilment of the dreams and ambitions they had in their youth. This man's ambition was to be as good a physician as his father had been and to practise as his father had practised, gratuitously among the poor. His career is enough to make all the business of planning and contriving look pretty poor, since he never in his life picked out any post he thought he would like to occupy, and still has held the ghost. He seems never to have had even the average idea of getting on for himself, having been too busy to bother with it; into the tremendous scenes he has played he has always been hurtled without his contriving and often without his consent, merely because, being the hardest-hitting champion of some cause, the cause took him by the shoulders and pushed him into the ring.

He was born September 28, 1841, at Mouilleron-en-Pareds, an ancient Vendeean community not otherwise distinguished in history. His father, a stern uncompromising republican, brought him up to love democracy and justice, hate oppression, autocracy and the Bonapartes, tell the truth, defy the devil and study medicine. To the ways of righteousness that he commended the old man furnished example as well as precept. The overthrow of the Second Republic and the accession of Napoleon the Little having filled him with patriotic rage he attempted to communicate to a mixed audience at his native town his deliberate opinion of the coup d'etat of 1852, with the result that he found himself laid by the heels of the imperial mountebank's gendarmerie and sentenced to a term in prison.

When the son was nineteen he went to Paris to complete his education. He must have had a lively sense of the paternal instruction, because in 1862, when he was only twenty-one, he got into trouble on his own account with the Bonapartist regime. It was February 24, which was an anniversary date in the history of French republicanism, and he made a public speech in which he seems to have gone after the Bonapartes with considerable success, for it cost him two months' imprisonment at Mazas.

He got his medical degree in 1865, choosing for his commencement thesis to rip into the prevailing theories about something connected with medical practice or science. I have forgotten what it was, something about anatomy, I think, but anyway he shook things up and caused some persons to think he was a young man of promise and some to denounce him as a dangerous person, thereby making a fairly good start for what has been with him a chief occupation ever since.

All this time he had no illusions as to where he was going to get off in the scheme of life. When he was walking the Paris hospitals as an intern, when he was looking about for a good, modest place in which to start in to dose people, and when, the next year, he was voyaging to America, he saw himself ending his days as a physician with a large and unprofitable practice and thought the prospect was perfectly grand.

His idea in going to America was to see, as a fervent republican, just how the greatest of republics had come through the test of the Civil War, and incidentally to brace his English before he should settle down for life. He travelled America from end to end and came to the conclusion that he had made no mistake about the republican form of government. Then a young woman's college at Stamford, Conn., wanted a professor of French and somebody put forward the young doctor for the job.

He spent a happy year at Stamford. According to tradition he was a first-class instructor, a perfect horseman, and, although not handsome, of the most extraordinary charm and brilliancy of conversation. His pupils adored him. He fell in love with one of them, Miss Mary L. Plummer, married her the next year and took her back with him to be his partner in the pill-and-lotion line to which he saw plainly he was assigned for life.

In some ways it panned better than he had expected. He was a good physician with a native and unpremeditated habit of attracting to him most persons he met. The Franco-Prussian War came on and he found himself in a clove hitch, so to speak. He loved France—but he hated the Empire. If ever was being defeated there was a growing chance that the other was being defeated, that Sedan came near, and the charlatan and harpy that had fooled and battened upon France for nearly years was a prisoner and deposed. A new deal was on throughout France, and in the tide of it the people of Montmartre elected Dr. Georges B. Clemenceau by demanding that he should be their Mayor.

The tremendous and unsuspected Clemenceau engine now began to revolve on its true axis, which was public service. He found the arrondissement all to do and started in to put things right. With no experience in public affairs and no knowledge of politics he saw with the eyes of common sense that Montmartre was unsanitary, ill-paved, ill-policed and ill-managed, and he went head first into the task of bettering all these conditions. He did it so well that in a few months the delighted Montmartre folks chose him by an overwhelming majority to be their representative in the National Assembly.

Paris being invested by the Prussians, the Assembly met at Bordeaux. Bonaparte was happily extinguished; therefore Clemenceau was all for rest. He let go with all he had on the side of those that were trying to continue the struggle, and discovering in the process that he could make a first-class speech he tore into the weaklings and monarchists in the Assembly with enfilades of sarcasm and frontal attacks of denunciation, thus laying carefully the foundations of the furious hatred that has followed him ever since. When he was not busy with this congenial industry he was out raising armies and equipping them. He did not know any such word as compromise and has never since been able to grasp the meaning of it. His vote to the last was to go on with the war, and he never accepted the peace nor agreed to the degradation of France.

The storm of the Commune broke, and at first, being so hot a democrat, he was all for the Communists. When they began their gentle practise of shooting anybody they didn't happen to agree with he objected and was ordered to be shot in his own turn. He had foreseen something of the kind and slipped out of Paris. Among the provincial cities he toured for the next three months, holding meetings and preaching the gospel of democracy. This made him equally unpopular with the reactionaries that had succeeded the Commune and now hoped to restore the monarchy, and when he came back to Paris he had another narrow escape from being put to death by the other side.

When something like normality returned he was elected to the Municipal Council of Paris, became in turn its secretary, vice-president and president, and was elevated thence to a seat in the National Chamber of Deputies, where he arrived with a bang and a simple little programme of reforms at the mere mention of which the whole tribe of political dodoes and scoundrels then operating in France frothed and razed.

This was what he proposed to do:

Get a new and more democratic Constitution. It is evident that this is out of date.

Abolish the office of President. What good does it do?

Abolish the Senate. What good does it do?

Put all the authority in the hands of the Chamber of Deputies, elected by the vote of the people.

Submit the Constitution and all changes in it to the popular vote.

Complete separation of Church and State.

No more public funds to be devoted to any Church.

Election of judges by the people; judges to hold office at the public pleasure.

That was all. In the year of 1876. No wonder they hated him.

[For the rest of Mr. Russell's interesting and instructive account of the French Premier's career see HEARST'S MAGAZINE for November—now on sale on all newsstands.]

Photo by Brown Brothers.

President Poincare and, Behind Him, Premier Clemenceau—"a brilliant conversationalist." *(From HEARST'S MAGAZINE for November.)*

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Ordinary hair growths on face, neck and arms can be removed entirely and bright when merely removed from the surface of the skin. The only common-sense way to remove objectionable hair is to attack it under the skin. DeMiracle, the original sanitary Depilatory, does this by absorption.

Only genuine DeMiracle has a money-back guarantee in each package. 1½ tablet convenient size, $1 and $2 sizes sent by mail from us in plain wrapper on receipt of price.

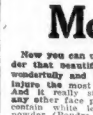
FREE book with testimonials of highest authorities, explains what causes hair, why it increases and how DeMiracle destroys it, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request. DeMiracle, Park Ave. and 129th St., New York.

Have a complexion that is always presentable—now possible for *every* woman—through use of

MARINELLO
Phantom Powder

Immediately gives skin appearance of beauty—then *really* beautifies it. Unrivalled beauty builder for face, neck and hands. Doesn't rub or wash off. Splendid for evening makeup. Your mirror will prove its merit. At department stores, drug stores, Marinello shops. 6 Direct samples Marinello Preparations for five 2-cent stamps. Marinello Company, Chicago, Ill.

Deafness



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La-may Face Powder Is Harmless to the Most Delicate Skin

Now you can use a pure face powder that beautifies your complexion wonderfully and is guaranteed not to injure the most delicate baby skin. And it actually stays on better than any other face powder. It does not contain white lead or starchy rice powder (Poudre de Riz) to make it stick. White lead poisons the skin and rice powder turns into a gluey paste that encourages enlarged pores, blackheads and rice powder pimples. The specialist who makes this improved powder who makes this ingredient that doctors use to heal the skin. In fact, this new powder helps to prevent and reduce enlarged pores and pimples. It is also astringent, discouraging flabbiness, crows' feet and wrinkles. Because it is pure and because it stays on so well this La-may powder (French, Poudre L'Amee) is now used by over a million American women. As the size is only fifty cents and the trial size is twenty-five cents. Remember, La-may is guaranteed absolutely pure. Five thousand dollars reward is offered any chemist who finds it contains any white lead or rice powder. Refuse substitutes. Your common sense will tell you that when you are offered a substitute it is sure to be a demonstrator trying to sell an inferior powder that pays a big commission. When you use this absolutely pure La-may and see how splendidly it beautifies your complexion you will understand why it so quickly became the most popular beauty-powder sold in New York. Save this notice.

Freeman's FACE POWDER

Imparts to the complexion that velvety smoothness and delicate blush-tint of a healthy baby skin. Freeman's has been the delight of Fashion's devotees for more than a generation.

Always guaranteed satisfactory. Freeman's does not rub off.

All sizes at all toilet counters. Miniature box for 4 cts. in stamps.

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Soul Dresses by Lady Duff Gordon

The Soul That Loves Beauty Finds Its Expression in Noble Lines and Serene Colors, as in This Model.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

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Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, and No. 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

By Lady Duff-Gordon *("Lucile")*

THE eyes have been classed as the windows of the soul. Dress, too, is its expression.

Recall the friends you have known best in your life. Consider what a variety of souls they were. One was a buoyant soul. It was of such lightness that it could never long be depressed, not even by a great grief or heavy loss. Another was a soul that lived among life's shadows. It thought more about the sorrows of life than its joys. It had little pleasure in the present, for it was engaged with the end of life and the beyond. There must have been a soul among them of which you thought "How beautiful!" It saw the beauty of nature, and great deeds, and sublime sacrifices.

Some day I should like to talk long to you about souls. For their variety is infinite. But I must hurry on to tell you of the soul dresses I am showing you on this page.

The lower right-hand figure depicts my conception of the sad or serious soul. It is expressed by a gown of black net slightly draped over a foundation of black satin. The drapery, please notice, is not upon the hips, as was the habit last season, but its fulness falls in a festoon below the knees. The rich, sweeping panel at the back has the cold sheen of steel. Strewn upon this background are raised black figures in a conventional design that suggest the crescent that was the symbol of Turkish power. Observe the long, plain, rather tight sleeves, which accentuate the low key of the melody of this soul gown. The girdle is of green gold brocade studded with amethysts.

The soul that seeks beauty is represented by a gray velvet gown in sparse lines, narrow at the ankles. Notice the difference in the sleeves, one being long and loose and pointed, finished by a heavy silk tassel. The other is a kimono sleeve that is drawn into a tight sleeve at the lower arm. An inset in the front of the corsage is of blue and silver brocade. The wide, crush girdle, graduated to a high point at the belt line in front, is of blue and silver iridescent satin.

The shoes and stockings are of silver, with topaz and silver buckles. The band on the forehead is of blue silk clasped by a pink rose with silver leaves.

The buoyant soul is represented by the third figure. The waist and a portion of the skirt drapery are of silver chiffon bound with peach colored velvet. The corsage ornaments are pearls and olivines. The sash is of mulberry pink. The satin of the skirt drapery is changeable, turning chameleon-like from violet to blue. With the costume are worn flesh colored satin shoes.

Study this page and you will agree with me that the serious soul would not look well expressed by the gray and blue and silver gown in the centre, nor the light soul by the creation of black net and blue and black brocade. The soul that loves beauty finds its expression in the noble lines and serene colors of the third of the group.

Are you really acquainted with your soul? Is it gay or grave, high or in minor key, beautiful or ugly? Yes, there are ugly souls, made so by small, cramped, warped and twisting thoughts. When I meet such a soul I think always of the deformed body and mean soul of Richard III, as Shakespeare has shown him to us in the play.

If your is a buoyant soul you will not express it in sombre velvets or black satins. You should wear the lightest colors and lightest fabrics that circumstances will permit. If you are one of the grave folk who see life through dark lenses wear the colors and materials that express solidity and the substantial values. If yours is a beauty-lovinz soul you will seek without guidance the chaste beauty of line of the early Greeks, such lines as you see in this very modern robe that is still the expression of a soul that seeks beauty through all the ages.

Get acquainted with your soul. Express it in your gowns.

The Buoyant Soul Expresses Itself Sartorially in Airy Fabrics and Bright Colors. This Picture Is an Object Lesson in Suitable Dress for Such a Nature.

The Serious Soul Is Expressed by Predominant Sombre Colors and Lines of Great Dignity. This Gown Is a Good Example of Soul Expression.